THE DUTCHESSE OF MALFY

A Tragedy.

As it was Acted by his late Majesties S
vants at BLACK FRYERS with great
Applause, Thirty Years since.

And now Acted by his Highnesse the
Duke of *York*'s Servants.

The perfect and exact Copy, with divers things Pri
that the length of the Play would not bear
in the Presentment.

Written by JOHN WEBSTER.

Horat. —— *Si quid* ——
—— *Candidus Imperti si non his utero mecum*

LONDON,
Printed for *Robert Crofts*, and are to be sold at his Shop, a
Crown in *Chancery lane*. Price 1s.

Antonio, and Delio. Bosola, Cardinall.

Delio. YOu are wel-come to your Country (deere *Antonio*)
You have been long in *France*, and you returne
A very formall French-man in your habit.
How do you like the French Court?
Ant. I admire it,
In seeking to reduce both State and People
To a fix'd Order, there judicious King
Begins at home: Quits first his Royall Pallace
Of flattring Sicophants, of dissolute,
And infamous persons, which he sweetly termes
His Masters Master-peece (the work of Heaven)
Considering duely, that a Princes Court
Is like a common fountaine, whence should flow,
Pure silver-drops in generall: But if 't chance
Some curs'd example poyson't neare the head,
" Death, and diseases through the whole land spread.
And what is't makes this blessed government,
But a most provident Councell, who dare freely
Informe him the corruption of the times?
Though some oth' Court hold it presumption
To instruct Princes what they ought to do,
It is a noble duety to informe them
What they ought to fore-see: Here comes *Bosola*
The only Court-Gall: yet I observe his rayling
Is not for simple love of Piety:
Indeed he rayles at those things which he wants,
Would be as leacherous, covetous, or proud,
Bloud, or envious, as any man,
If he had meanes to be so: Here's the Cardinall.
Bos. I do haunt you still. *Card.* So.
Bos. I have done you
Better service than to be slighted thus:
Miserable age, where only the reward
Of doing well, is the doing of it.

Car. You inforce your merit too much.

Bos. I fell into the Gallies in your service,
Where, for two yeeres together, I wore two Towels in stead of
A shirt, with a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a
Romane Mantle: Slighted thus? I will thrive some way:
Black-birds fatten best in hard weather; why not I,
In these dogge dayes?

Car. Would you could become honest,

Bos. With all your divinity, do but direct me the way to it, I
Have knowne many travell farre for it, and yet returne as
Arrant knaves, as they went forth; because they carried
Themselves alwayes along with them; Are you gon?
Some fellowes (they say) are possessed with the divell,
But this great fellow, were able to possesse the greatest
Divell, and make him worse.

Ant. He hath denied thee some suit?

Bos. He, and his brother, are like Plum-trees (that grow crooked
Over standing-pooles) they are rich, and ore-laden with
Fruit, but none but Crowes, Pyes, and Cater-pillers feede
On them: Could I be one of their flattring Panders, I
Would hang on their eares like a Horse-leech, till I were full, and
Then drop off; I pray leave me.
Who would relie upon these miserable dependances, in expection
to be advanc'd to morrow? what creature, ever fed worse, than ho-
ping *Tantalus*? nor ever died any man more fearfully, than he that
hop'd for a pardon: There are rewards for hawks, and dogges,
when they have done us service; but for a souldier that hazards his
limbes in a battaile, nothing but a kinde of Geometry, is his last
supportation. *Del.* Geometry?

Bos. I, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter-swinge in the
World, upon a honorable paire of Crowtches, from hospitall
To hospitall, fare ye well Sir. And yet do not you scorne us, for
Places in the Court, are but like beds in the hospitall, where this
Mans head lies at that mans foot, and so lower and lower.

Del. I knew this fellow (seven yeeres) in the Gallies.
For a notorious murther, and 'twas thought
The Cardinall subborn'd it: he was releas'd
By the French Generall (*Gaston de Foix*)
When he recover'd *Naples*. *Ant.* 'Tis great pity.
He should be thus neglected, I have heard

He's

He's very valiant: This foule melancholly
Will poison all his goodnesse, for (I'le tell you)
If too immoderate sleepe, be truly said
To be an inward rust unto the soule;
It then doth follow, want of action
Breeds all blacke male-contents, and their close rearing
(Like mothes in cloth) doe hurt for want of wearing.

SCENA II.

Antonio, Delio Ferdinand, Cardinal, Dutchesse. Castruchio, Silvio, Rodocico, Grisolan, Bosola, Julia, Cariola.

Del. The Presence 'gins to fill, you promis'd me
To make me the partaker of the natures
Of some of your great Courtiers.
Ant. The Lord Cardinals
And other strangers, that are now in Court,
I shall: here comes the great *Calabrian* Duke.
Ferd. Who tooke the Ring oftnest?
Sil. *Antonia Bologna* (my Lord)
Ferd. Our sister Dutchesse great Master of her houshold?
Give him the Jewell: when shall we leave this sportive action,
And fall to action indeed?
Cast. Methinkes (my Lord)
You should desire to go to war, in person.
Fer. Now, for some gravity: why (my Lord)
Cast. It is fitting a souldier arise to be a Prince, but not necessary
A prince descend to be a Captaine?
Ferd. No?
Cast. No, (my Lord)
He were far better to doe it by a Deputy.
Ferd. Why should he not aswell sleep, or eat by a Deputy?
This might take idle, offensive, and base office from him,
Whereas the other reprives him of honor.
Cast. Beleeve my experience: that Realme is never long in quiet,
Where the Ruler is a Souldier. *Ferd.* Thou toldst me.
Thy wife could not indure fighting.
Cast. True (my Lord.)
Ferd. And of a jest she broke of a Captaine,
She met full of wounds: I have forgot it.
Cast. She told him (my Lord) he was a pittifull fellow, to lie,

Like the Children of *Ismael* all in Tents.
Ferd. Why, there's a wit were able to undoe
All the Chyrurgeons o'th City, for although
Gallants should quarrell, and had drawn their weapons,
And were ready to go to it; yet her perswasions would
Make them put up. *Cast.* That she would (my Lord)
How do you like my Spanish Gennit?
Rod. He is all fire.
Ferd. I am of *Pliney*'s opinion, I think he was begot by the wind,
He runs as if he were ballast'd with Quick-silver.
Sil. True (my Lord) he reeles from the Tilt-often.
Rod. Gris. Ha, ha, ha.
Ferd. Why do you laugh? Me thinks you that are Courtiers
Should be my touch-wood, take fire, when I give fire;
That is, laugh when I laugh, were the subject never so wity.
Cast. True (my Lord) I my selfe have heard a very good jest,
And have scorn'd to seem to have so silly a wit, as to understand it.
Ferd. But I can laugh at your Foole (my Lord.)
Cast. He cannot speake (you know) but he makes faces,
My Lady cannot abide him. *Ferd.* No?
Cast. Nor endure to be in merry company: for she saies
Too much laughing, and too much company, fils her
Too full of the wrinckle.
Ferd. I would then have a Mathematicall Instrument made for
Her face, that she might not laugh out of compasse: I shall shortly
Visit you at *Millaine* (Lord *Silvio*.)
Sil. Your Grace shall arrive most wel-come.
Ferd. You are a good Horse-man (*Antonio*) you have excellent
Riders in *France*, what do you think of good Horse-man-ship?
Ant. Nobly (my Lord) as out of the Grecian-horse, issued
Many famous Princes: So, out of brave Horse-mãn-ship,
Arise the first Sparkes of growing resolution, that raise
The mind to noble action.
Ferd. You have be-spoake it worthily.
Sil. Your brother, the Lord Cardinall, and sister Dutchesse.
Card. Are the Gallies come about?
Gris. They are (my Lord.)
Ferd. Here's the Lord *Silvio* is come to take his leave.
Del. Now (Sir) your promise: what's that Cardinall?
I meane his temper? they say he's a brave fellow,
Will

Will play his five thousand crownes, at Tennis, Dauncе,
Court Ladies, and one that hath fought single Combats.

Ant. Some such flashes superficially hang on him, for forme:
But observe his inward Character: he is a mellancholly
Church-man: The Spring in his face, is nothing but the
Ingendring of Toades: where he is jealous of any man,
He laies worse plots for them, than ever was impos'd on
Hercules: for he strewes in his way Flatters, Panders,
Intelligencers, Atheists, and a thousand such politicall
Monsters: he should have been Pope: but in stead of
Comming to it, by the primative decencie of the Church,
He did bestow bribes so largely, and so impudently, as if he would
Have carried it away without Heavens knowledge. Some good he
Hath done.

Del. You have given too much of him: what's his brother?

Ant. The Duke there? a most perverse, and turbulent Nature,
What appeares in him mirth, is meerely outside,
If hee laugh hartily, it is to laugh
All honesty out of fashion. *Del.* Twins.

Ant. In quality:
He speakes with others tongues, and heares mens suites,
With others eares: will seeme to sleep o'th bench
Only to intrap offenders in their answers;
Doomes men to death, by information,
Rewards, by heare-say. *Del.* Then the Law to him
Is like a fowle black Cob-web to a Spider,
He makes it his dwelling, and a prison
To entangle those shall feed him. *Ant.* Most true:
He nev'r payes debts unlesse they be shrew'd turnes,
And those he will confesse, that he doth owe,
Last: for his brother, there, (the Cardinall)
They that do flatter him most, say Oracles
Hang at his lips: and verily I beleeve them:
For the Devill speakes in them.
But for their sister, (the right noble Dutchesse)
You never fix'd your eye, on three faire Meedals
Cast in one figure, of so different temper:
For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,
You only will begin, then to be sorry
When she doth end her speech: and wish (in wonder)

She

She held it lesse vaine glory, to talke much.
Than your penance to heare her: whilst she speakes,
She throwes upon a man so sweet a looke,
That it were able raise one to a Galliard
That lay in a dead palsey; and to doate
On that sweet countenance: but in that looke,
There speaketh so divine a continence,
As cuts off all lascivious, and vaine hope.
Her dayes are practis'd in such noble vertue,
That, sure her nights (nay more her very Sleeps)
Are more in heaven, than other Ladies Shrifts.
Let all sweet Ladies, breake their flatting Glasses,
And dresse themselves in her. *Del.* Fye *Antonio*,
You play the wire-drawer with her commendations.
Ant. I'll case the picture up: only thus much,
All her particular worth, growes to this sum:
She staines the time past: lights the time to come.
Cariola. You must attend my Lady in the gallery,
Some halfe an houre hence. *Ant.* I shall.
Ferd. Sister, I have a suit to you: *Dutch.* To me sir?
Ferd. A Gentleman here: *Daniel de Bosola*:
One that was in the Gallies. *Dutch.* Yes, I know him.
Ferd. A worthy fellow h'is: pray let me entreat for
The provisorship of your horse.
Dutch. Your knowledge of him,
Commends him and prefers him. *Ferd.* Call him hither,
We now upon parting: Good Lord *Silvio*
Doe us commend to all our noble friends
At the Leaguer. *Sil.* Sir, I shall.
Ferd. You are for *Millaine*? *Sil.* I am. (Haven
Dutch. Bring the Carroches: we'll bring you downe to the
Car. Be sure you entertaine that *Bosola*
For your intelligence: I would not be seene in't.
And therefore many times I have slighted him,
When he did court our furtherance: as this Morning.
Ferd. *Antonio*, the great Master of her houshold
Had beene farre fitter.
Card. You are deceiv'd in him,
His Nature is too honest for such business.
He comes: I'll leave you: *Bos.* I was lur'd to you.

Ferd. My brother here (the Cardinall) could never
abide you. *Bos.* Never since he was in my debt.
Ferd. May be some oblique character in your face,
made him suspect you?
Bos. Doth he study Phisiognomy?
There's no more credit to be give to th'face,
Than to a sicke mans uryn, which some call
The Physitians whore, because she cozens him:
He did suspect me wrongfully. *Ferd.* For that
You must give great men leave to take their times:
Distrust, doth cause us seldome be deceiv'd;
You see, the oft shaking of the Cedar-Tree
Fastens it more at root. *Bos.* Yet take heed:
For to suspect a friend unworthily,
Instructs him the next way to suspect you.
And prompts him to deceive you.
Ferd. There's gold. *Bos.* So.
What followes? (Never rain'd such showres as these
Without thunderbolts i'th taile of them) whose throat must I cut?
Ferd. Your inclination to shed blood, rides poste
Before my occasion to use you: I give you that
To live i'th Court, here: and observe the Dutchesse,
To note all the particulars of her behaviour:
What suitors do solicite her for marriage
And whom she best affects: she's a yong widow,
I would not have her marry againe. *Bos.* No Sir?
Ferd. Doe not you aske the reason: but be satisfied,
I say I would not.
Bos. It seemes you would create me
One of your familiars. *Ferd.* Familiar? what's that?
Bos. Why, a very quaint invisible divell, in flesh:
An Intelligencer.
Ferd. Such a kind of thriving thing
I would wish three; and ere long, thou maist arrive
At a higher place by't. *Bos.* Take your Divels
Which Hell calls Angels: these curs'd gifts would make
You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor,
And should I take these they'll'd take me hell.
Fer. Sir, I'le take nothing from you, that I have given:
There is a place, that I procur'd for you

This morning: (the Proviſorſhip o'th horſe)
Have your heard ont? *Boſ.* No.
Ferd. 'Tis yours, is't not worth thankes?
Boſ. I would have you curſe your ſelfe now, that your bounty,
(Which makes men truly noble) ere ſhould make
Me a villaine: oh, that to avoid ingratitude
For the good deed you have done me, I muſt doe
All the ill man can invent: Thus the divell
Candies all ſinnes ore: and what Heaven tearmes vild,
That names he complementall. *Fer.* Be your ſelfe:
Keepe your old garbe of melancholly: 'twill expreſſe
You envy thoſe that ſtand above your reach,
Yet ſtrive not to come neere'em: This will gaine
Acceſſe, to private lodgings, where your ſelfe
May (like a pollitique dormouſe,
Boſ. As I have ſeene ſome,
Feed in a Lords diſh, halfe a ſleepe, not ſeeming
To liſten to any talke: and yet theſe Rogues
Have cut his throat in a dreame: what's my place?
The Proviſorſhip o'th horſe? ſay then my corruption
Grew out of horſe-dung: I am your creature *Fer.* Away.
Boſ. Let good men, for good deeds, covet good fame,
Since place, and riches oft are bribes of ſhame;
Sometimes the Divell doth preach. *Exit Boſola.*
Card We are to part from you: and your own diſcretion
Muſt now be your director.
Ferd. You are a Widowe:
You know already what man is: and therefore
Let not youth: high promotion, eloquence,
Card. No, nor any thing without the addition, *Honor*,
Sway your high blood.
Ferd. Marry? they are moſt luxurious,
Will wed twice. *Card.* O fie:
Ferd. Their livers are more ſpotted
Than *Labans* ſheepe.
Duch. Diamonds are of moſt value
They ſay; that have paſt through moſt Jewellers hands.
Ferd. Whores, by that rule are precious:
Duch. Will you heare me?
I'll never marry. *Ferd.* So moſt Widowes ſay:

But cõmmonly that motion lasts no longer
Than the turning of an houre-glasse, the funerall Sermon,
And it, end both together. *Ferd* Now heare me:
You live in a ranke pasture here, i'th Court,
There is a kind of honny-dew, that's deadly:
'Twill poyson your fame; looke to't: be not cunning:
For they whose faces doe belye their hearts,
Are Witches, e're they arrive at twenty yeeres,
I: and give the divell sucke.
Duch. This is terrible good councell:
Ferd. Hypocrisie is woven of a fine small thred,
(Subtler than *Vulcans* Engine: yet (beleev't)
Your darkest actions: nay your privat'st thoughts,
will come to light.
Card. You may flatter your selfe,
And take your owne choice: privately be married
Under the Eves of night.
Ferd. Think't the best voyage
That ere you made; like the irregular Crab,
Which though't goes backward, thinkes that it goes right,
Because it goes its owne way: but observe;
Such weddings may more properly be said
To be executed, than celebrated.
Card. The marriage night
Is the entrance into some prison.
Ferd. And those joyes,
Those lustfull pleasures, are like heavy sleepes
Which doe fore-run mans mischiefe.
Card. Fare you well.
Wisedome begins at the end: remember it.
Duch. I thinke this speech betweene you both was studied,
It came so roundly off. *Ferd.* You are my sister,
This was my fathers poyniard: doe you see.
I'd be loath to see it looke rusty, 'cause 'twas his:
I would have you give or'e these chargeable Revels;
A Vizor, and a Masque are whispering roomes
That were never built for goodnesse: fare ye well:
And women, like that part which (like the Lamprey)
Hath ney'r a bone in't. *Duch.* Fye Sir. *Ferd.* Nay,
I meane the tongue: variety of Courtship;

What cannot a neat knave with a smoothe tale,
Make a woman beleeve? farewell, lusty Widow.

Duch. Shall this move me? if all my royall kindred
Lay in my way, unto this marriage;
I'd make them my low foot-steps: And even now,
Even in this hate (as men in some great battailes
By apprehending danger, have atchiev'd
Almost impossible actions: I have heard Souldiers say so,
So I, through frights, and threatnings, will affray
This dangerous venture: Let old wives report
I winck'd, and chose a husband: *Cariola*,
To thy knowne secricy, I have given up
More than my life, my fame.

Cariola. Both shall be safe:
For I'le conceal this secret from the world
As warily as those that trade in poyson,
Keepe poyson from their children.

Duch. Thy protestation
Is ingenious and hearty: I beleeve it.
Is *Antonio* come? *Cariola.* He attends you.

Duch. Good deare soule,
Leave me: but place thy selfe behind the Arras,
Where thou maist over-heare us: wish me good speed
For I am going into a Wilderness,
Where I shall finde no path, nor friendly clew
To be my guide, I sent for you, Sit downe:
Take Pen and Incke, and write: are your ready?

Ant. Yes: *Duch.* What did I say?

Ant. That I should write somewhat.

Duch. Oh, I remember:
After this triumphs, and this large expence
It's fit (like thrifty husbands) we enquire
What's laid up for to morrow:

Ant. So please your beauteous Excellence. (sake.

Duch. Beauteous? Indeed I thanke you: I look yong for your
You have tane my eares upon you.

Ant. I'le fetch your Grace the
Particulars of your revenew, and expence.

Duch. Oh, you are an upright treasurer: but you mistooke,
For when I said I meant to make inquiry,

What's

What's laid up for to morrow: I did meane
What's laid up yonder for me.
Ant. Where? *Duch.* In Heaven.
I am making my will (as 'tis fit Princes should
In perfect memory) and I pray Sir, tell me
Were not one better to make it smiling, thus?
Than in deep groanes, and terrible ghastly lookes,
As if the gifts we parted with, procur'd
That violent distruction? *Ant.* Oh, much better.
Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit:
But I intend to make you Over-seer;
What good deed, shall we first remember? say.
Ant. Begin with that good deed that first began i'th world,
After mans creation, the Sacrament of marriage,
I'ld have you provide for a good husband,
Give him all. *Duch.* All?
Ant. Yes, your excellent selfe.
Duch. In a winding-sheet? *Ant.* In a couple.
Duch. St. *Winfrid*, that were a strange will.
Ant. 'Twere strange if there were no will in you
To marry againe.
Duch. What doe you thinke of marriage?
Ant. I take't, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally containes, or heaven, or hell,
There's no third place in't.
Duch. How doe you affect it?
Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholly,
Would often reason thus.
Duch. Pray let's heare it.
Ant Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weake delight
To see the little wanton, ride a cock-horse
Vpon a painted stick, or heare him chatter
Like a taught starling.
Duch. Fye, fye, what's all this?
One of your eyes is blood-shot, use my Ring to 't,
They say 'tis very soveraigne, 'twas my wedding Ring,
And I did vow never to part with it,
But to my second husband.

Ant. You have parted with it now.
Dutch. Yes, to helpe your eye-sight.
Ant. You have made me starke blinde. *Dutch.* How?
Ant. There is a sawcy, and ambitious divell,
Is dancing in this circle.
Dutch. Remoove him. *Ant.* How?
Dutch. There needes small conjuration, when your finger
May doe it: thus, is it fit? *he kneeles.*
Ant. What said you? *Dutch.* Sir,
This goodly roofe of yours, is too low built,
I cannot stand upright in't, nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher: raise your selfe,
Or if you please, my hand to helpe you: so.
Ant. Ambition (Madam) is a great mans madnes.
That is not kept in chaines, and close-pent-roomes,
But in faire lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noyse of pratling visitans,
Which makes it lunatique, beyond all cure,
Conceive not, I am so stupid, but I ayme
Whereto your favours tend: But he's a foole
That (being a cold) would thrust his hands i'th'fire
To warme them.
Dutch. So, now the ground's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy Mine,
I make you Lord of. *Ant.* Oh my unworthinesse.
Dutch. You were ill to sell your selfe,
This darkning of your worth, is not like that
Which tradesmen use i'th'City, their false lights
Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell you
If you would know where breathes a compleat man,
(I speake it without flattery) turne your eyes,
And progresse through your selfe.
Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest: I have long serv'd vertue,
And nev'r tane wages of her. *Dutch.* Now she paies it,
The misery of us, that are borne great,
We are forc'd to woe, because none dare woe us;
And as a Tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearefully equivocates: so we
Are fored to expresse our violent passions

In riddles, and in dreames, and leave the path
Of simple vertue, which was never made
To seeme the thing it is not: Goe, go brag
You have left me heartlesse, mine is in your bosome,
I hope 'twill multiply love there: You doe tremble:
Make not your heart so dead a peece of flesh
To feare, more than to love me: Sir, be confident,
What is't distracts you? This is flesh, and blood (Sir)
'Tis not the figure cut in Allablaster
Kneeles at my husbands Tombe: Awake, awake (man)
I do here put off all vaine ceremony,
And only do appeare to you, a yong Widow
That claimes you for her husband, and like a Widow,
I use but halfe a blush in't. *Ant.* Truth speake for me,
I will remaine the constant Sanctuary
Of your good name.

Dutch. I thanke you (gentle love)
And cause you shall not come to me, in debt,
(Being now my Steward) here upon your lips
I signe your *Quietus est*: This you should have beg'd now,
I have seene children oft eate sweet-meates thus,
As fearefull to devoure them too soone.

Ant. But for your Brothers?

Dutch. Do not thinke of them,
All discord, without this circumference,
Is only to be pittied, and not fear'd:
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.

Ant. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have favour'd flattery.

Dutch. Kneele. *Ant.* Hah?

Dutch. Be not amaz'd, this woman's of my Councell,
I have heard Lawyers say, a contract in a Chamber,
(Per verba presenti) is absolute marriage:
Blesse (Heaven) this sacred Gordian, which, let violence
Never untwine.

Ant. And may our sweet affections (like the Spheares)
Be still in motion.

Dutch. Quickning, and make

The

The like soft Musique.

Ant. That we may imitate the loving Palmes
(Best Embleme of a peacefull marriage)
That nev't bore fruit divided.

Duch. What can the Church force more?

Ant. That Fortune may not know an accident
Either of joy, or sorrow, to divide
Our fixed wishes.

Duch. How can the Church Build faster?
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the Church
That must but eccho this: Maid, stand apart,
I now am blinde.

Ant. What's your conceit in this?

Duch. I would have you lead your fortune by the hand,
Unto your mariage bed:
(You speake in me this, for we now are one)
We'll only lie, and talke together, and plot
T'appease my humorous kindred; and if you please
(Like the old tale, in *Alexander* and *Lodowicke*)
Lay a naked sword betweene us, keepe us chast:
Oh, let me shrowd my blushes in your bosome,
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets.

Car. Whether the spirit of greatnes, or of woman
Raigne most in her, I know not, but it shewes
A fearfull madnes, I owe her much of pity. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Bosola, Castruchio, an Old Lady, Antonio, Delio, Dutchesse, Rodorico, Grisolan

Bos. You say you would fain be taken for an eminent Courtier?

Cast. 'Tis the very maine of my ambition.

Bos. Let me see, you have a reasonable good face for't already
And your night-cap expresses your eares sufficient largely,
I would have you learne to twirle the strings of your band with a
Good grace; and in a set speech (at th'end of every sentence)
To hum, three or four times, or blow your nose (till it smart again)
To recover your memory, when you come to be a president in
Criminall canses, if you smile upon a prisoner, hang him, but if
You frowne upon him, and threaten him, let him be sure to scape
The Gallowes. *Cast.* I would be a very merry president.

Bos.

Bos. Do not sup a nights, 'twill beget you an admirable wit.

Cast. Rather it would make me have a good stomack to quarrel;
For they say, your roaring boyes eat meat seldome,
And that makes them so valiant:
But how shall I know whether the people take me
For an eminent fellow.

Bos. I will teach a tricke to know it,
Give out you lye a dying, and if you
Heare the common people curse you,
Be sure you are taken for one of the prime night-caps;
You come from painting now? *Old La.* From what?

Bos. Why, from your curvy face-physicke,
To behold thee not painted inclines somewhat neere
A miracle: These in thy face here, were deep rutts,
And foule sloughes the last progresse:
There was a Lady in *France*, that having had the small pocks,
Flead the Skinne off her face, to make it more levell;
And whereas before she look't like a Nutmeg-grater,
After she resembled an abortive hedge-hog.

Old La. Do you call this painting?

Bos. No, no, but you call carreening of an old
Morphew'd Lady, to make her disembogue againe,
There's rough-cast phrase to your plastique.

Old. La. It seemes you are well acquainted with my closset?

Bos. One would suspect it for a shop of witch-craft,
To finde in it the fat of Serpents; spawne of Snakes, lewes spittle,
And their yong childrens ordure, and all these for the face:
I would sooner eat a dead pigeon, taken from the jakes of the fest
Of one sicke of the plague, than kisse one of you fasting:
Here are two of you, whose sin of your youth, is the very
Patrimony of the Physitian, makes him renew his
Foot-cloth with the Spring and change his
High-priz'd curtezan with the fall of the leafe;
I doe wonder you doe not loath your selves.
Observe my meditation now:
What thing is in this outward forme of man
To be belov'd? we account it ominous,
If Nature doe produce a Colt, or Lambe,
A Fawne, or Goat in any limbe resembling
A man; and fly e from 't as a prodigy.

Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity,
In any other Creature but himselfe.
But in our own flesh, though we beare diseases
Which have their true names, only tane from beasts,
As the most ulcerous Wobles, and swinish Meazeall;
Though we are eaten up of lice, and wormes,
And though continually we beare about us
A rotten and dead body, we delight
To hide it in rich tiffew all our feare,
(Nay all our terrour) lest our Physitian
Should put us in the ground, to be made sweet.
Your wife's gone to *Rome*; you two couple, and get you
To the wels at *Lucca*, to recover your aches.
I have other worke on foot: I observe our Dutchesse
Is sicke a dayes, she puykes, her stomacke seethes,
The fins of her eye-lids, looke most teeming blew,
She waines i'th'cheeke, and waxes fat i'th'flanke;
And (contrary to our *Italian* fashion)
Weares a loose bodied gowne, there's somewhat in t,
I have a tricke may chance discover it
(A pretty one) I have bought some Apricocks,
The first our Spring yeelds. *Dis.* And so long since married?
You amaze me.

Ant. Let me seale your lips for ever,
For did I thinke, that any thing but th'aire,
Could carry these words from you, I should wish
You had no breath at all: Now Sir, in your contemplation?
You are studying to become a great wise fellow?

Bos. Oh Sir, the opinion of wisdome, is a foule terror,
That runs all over a mans body: if simplicity
Direct us to have no evill, it directs us to a happy
Being: For the subtlest folly proceedes from the
Subtlest wisdome: Let me be simply honest.

Ant. I doe understand your in-side. *Bos.* Do you so?

Ant. Because you would not seeme to appeare to th'world,
Puff'd up with your preferment; You continue
This out of fashion melancholly, leave it, leave it.

Bos. Give me leave to be honest in any phrase, in any
Complement whatsoever, shall I confesse my selfe to you?
I looke no higher than I can reach:

They

They are the gods, that must ride on winged horses,
A Lawyers mule of a slow pace, will both suit
My disposition, and businesse: For (marke me)
When a mans mind rides faster than his horse can gallop,
They quickly both tyre.

Ant. You would looke up to Heaven, but I thinke
The divell, that rules i'th'aire, stands in your light,

Bos. Oh (Sir) you are Lord of the ascendant,
Chiefe man with the Duchesse, a Duke was your
Cosen German remov'd: Say you were lineally
Descended from King *Pippin*, or he himselfe,
What of this? search the heads of the greatest rivers in
The world, you shall finde them but bubbles of water:
Some would thinke the soules of Princes were brought
Forth by some more weighty cause, than those of meaner persons,
They are deceiv'd, there's the same hand to them:
The like passions sway them, the same reason, that makes
A Vicar to goe to law for a tithe-pig,
And undoe his neighbours, makes them spoile
A whole Province, and batter downe goodly
Cities, with the Canon.

Duch. Your arme *Antonio*, do I not grow fat?
I am exceeding short-winded: *Basola*,
I would have you (sir) provide for me a Litter,
Such a one as the Dutchesse of *Florence* road in.

Bos. The Dutchesse us'd one when she was great with childe.

Duch. I thinke she did: come hither, mend my ruffe,
Here, when? thou art such a tedious Lady; and
Thy breath smels of Lemmon pils, woud thou hadst done,
Shall I swound under thy fingers? I am
So troubled with the mother. *Bos.* I feare too much.

Duch. I have heard you say, that the French Courtiers
Weare their Hats on fore the King. *Ant.* I have seene it.

Duch. In the presence? *Ant.* Yes:
Why should not we bring up that fashion?
'Tis ceremony more than duty, that consists
In the removing of a piece of felt;
Be you the example to the rest o th'Court,
Put on your hat first.

Ant. You must pardon me:

I have seene, in colder countries than in *France*,
Nobles stand bare to th' Prince: and the distinction
My thought shew'd reverently.
Bos. I have a present for your Grace.
Duch. For me sir? *Bos.* Apricocks (Madame)
Duch. O sir, where are they?
I have heard of none to yeere. *Bos.* Good, her colour rises.
Duch. Indeed I thanke you: they are wondrous faire ones:
What an unskilfull fellow is our Gardiner?
We shall have none this moneth.
Bos. Will not your Grace pare them?
Duch. No, they taste of muske (methinkes) indeed they doe:
Bos. I know not: yet I wish your Grace had parde'em:
Duch. Why? *Bos.* I forgot to tell you the knave Gardiner,
(only to raise his profit by them the sooner)
Did ripen them in horse-dung. *Duch.* O you jest:
You shall judge: pray taste one. *Ant.* Indeed Madam,
I doe not love the fruit. *Duch.* Sir you are loath
To rob us of our dainties: 'tis a delicate fruit,
They say they are restorative? *Bos.* 'Tis a pretty
Art: this grafting. *Duch.* 'Tis so: bettring of nature.
Bos. To make pippin grow upon a crab,
A dampson on a black-thorne: how greedily she eats them?
A whirlewinde strike off these bawd-farthingalls,
For, but for that, and the loose-bodied gowne,
I should have discover'd apparently
The yong spring-hall cutting a caper in her belly.
Duch. I thanke you (*Bosola*) they were right good ones,
If they do not make me sicke. *Ant.* How now Madame?
Duch. This greene fruit and my stomacke are not friends,
How they swell me?
Bos. Nay, you are too much swell'd already.
Duch. Oh, I am in an extreame cold sweat.
Bos. I am very sory.
Duch. Lights to my Chamber: O, good *Antonio*,
I feare I am undone. *Exit Duchesse.*
Del. Lights there, lights.
Ant. O my trusty *Delio*, we are lost:
I feare she's falne in labour: and there's left
No time for her remove.

Del. Have you prepar'd
Those Ladies to attend her? and procur'd
That politique safe conveyance for the Mid-wife
Your Dutchesse plotted. *Ant.* I have.
Del. Make use then of this forc'd occasion:
Give out that *Bosola* hath poyson'd her,
With these Apricocks: that will give some colour
For her keeping close. *Ant.* Fye, fye, the Physitians
Will then flocke to her.
Del. For that you may pretend
She'll use some prepar'd Antidote of her owne,
Least the Physitians should repoyson her.
Ant. I am lost in amazement: I know not what to think on't. *Ex.*

SCENA II.

Bosola, Old Lady, Antonio, Rodorico, Grisolan Servants, Delio, Cariola.

Bos. So so: there's no question but her teatchives
And most vulterous eating of the Apricocks, are apparant
Signes of breeding, now? *Old La.* I am in haste (Sir)
Bos. There was a yong waiting-woman, had a monstrous desire
To see the Glasse-house. *Old La.* Nay pray let me go.
Bos. And it was only to know what strange instrument it was,
Should swell up a Glasse to the fashion of a womans belly.
Old La. I will heare no more of the Glasse-house,
You are still abusing women?
Bos. Who I? no, only (by the way now and then) mention
Your frailties. The Orrenge tree beare ripe and greene
Fruit, and blossoms altogether: and some of you give entertainment
For pure love: but more, for more preceious reward. The lusty
Spring smels well: but drooping Autumne tasts well: If we
Have the same golden showres, that rained in the time of *Jupiter*
The Thunderer, you have the same *Danes* still, to hold up their
Laps to receive them: didst thou never study the *Mathematiques*?
Old La. What's that (sir)
Bos. Why, to know the tricke how to make a many lines meete
In one center: Go, go; give your foster-daughters good counsell,
Tell them, that the divell takes delight to hang at a womans girdle
Like a false rusty watch that she cannot discerne how
The time passes. *Ant.* Shut up the Court gates.

Rod. Why sir? what's the danger?
Ant. Shut up the posternes presently: and call
All the Officers o'th'Court. *Gris.* I shall instantly.
Ant. Who keepes the key o'th'Park-gate?
Rod. Foroboſco. *Ant.* Let him bring't presently.
Servant. Oh, Gentlemen o'th'Court, the fowlest treason.
Boſ. If that these Apricocks should be poyson'd now;
Without my knowledge.
Serv. There was taken even now a Switzer
In the Dutchesse Bed-chamber. 2 *Serv.* A Switzer?
Serv. With a pistoll in his great cod-piece.
Boſ. Ha, ha, ha. *Serv.* The cod-piece was the case for't.
2 *Serv.* There was a cunning traitor.
Who would have search'd his cod-piece?
Serv. True, if he had kept out of the Ladies chambers:
And all the mowldes of his buttons, were leaden bullets.
2 *Ser.* Oh wicked Caniball: a fire-lock in's cod-piece?
Serv. 'Twas a French plot upon my life.
2 *Serv.* To see what the divell can doe.
Ant. All the Officers here. *Ser.* We are. *Ant.* Gentlemen,
We have lost much plate you know; and but this evening
Jewels, to the value of foure thousand Duckats
Are missing in the Dutchesse Cabinet,
Are the gates shut? *Serv.* Yes.
Ant. 'Tis the Dutchesse pleasure
Each Officer be lock't into his chamber
Till the Sun-rising: and to send the keyes
Of all their chests, and of their outward doores
Into her Bed-chamber: She is very sicke.
Rod. At her pleasure.
Ant. She intreats you tak't not ill: The innocent
Shall be the more approv'd by it.
Boſ. Gentleman o'th'Wood-yard, where's your Switzer now?
Serv. By this hand 'twas credibly reported by one o'th'Black-(guard.
Del. How fares it with the Dutchesse?
Ant. She's expos'd
Unto the worst of torture, paine and feare.
Del. Speake to her all happy comfort.
Ant. How I do play the foole with mine owne danger?
You are this night (deare friend) to poste to *Rome*,

My

My life lies in your service. *Del.* Do not doubt me.

Ant. Oh, 'tis farre from me: and yet feare presents me
Somewhat that looks like danger.

Del. Beleeve it,
'Tis but the shadow of your feare, no more:
How superstitiously we mind our evils?
The throwing downe salt, or crossing of a Hare;
Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse:
Or singing of a Criket, are of power
To daunt whole man in us: Sir, fare you well:
I wish you all the joyes of a blest father;
And (for my faith) lay this into your breast,
Old friends (like old swords) still are trusted best.

Cariola. Sir, you are the happy father of a sonne,
Your wife commends him to you. *Ant.* Blessed comfort:
For Heaven sake tend her well: I'le presently
Go set a figure for's Nativity. *Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

Bosola, Antonio.

Bos. Sure I did heare a woman shrieke: list, hah?
And the sound came (if I receiv'd it right)
From the Dutchesse lodgings: there's some stratagem,
In the confining all our Courtiers
To their severall wards; I must have part of it,
My Intelligence will frieze else: List againe,
It may be 'twas the melancholly bird,
(Best friend of silence, and of solitarines)
The Owle, that schream'd so: hah? *Antonio?*

Ant. I heard some noyse: whose there? what are thou? speak.

Bos. Antonio? Put not your face; nor body
To such a fore'd expression of feare,
I am *Bosola* your friend. *Ant. Bosola?*
(This Moale do's undermine me) heard you not
A noise even now? *Bos.* From whence?

Ant. From the Dutchesse lodging.

Bos. Not I: did you? *Ant.* I did, or else I dream'd.

Bos. Let's walke towards it.

Ant. No: It may be 'twas

But

But the rising of the winde. *Bos.* Very likely:
Methinkes 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat.
You looke wildly.
Ant. I have bin setting a figure
For the Dutchesse Jewels;
Bos. Ah, and how falls your question?
Do you find it radicall? *Ant.* What's that to you?
'Tis rather to be question'd what designe
(When all men were commanded to their lodgings)
Makes you a night-walker.
Bos. In sooth I'le tell you:
Now all the Court's asleepe, I thought the divell
Had least to doe here; I came to say my prayers,
And if it doe offend you, I doe so,
You are a fine Courtier.
Ant. This fellow will undoe me;
You gave the Dutchesse Apricocks to day,
Pray heaven they were not poyson'd?
Bos. Poyson'd? a Spanish fig
For the imputation. *Ant.* Traitors are ever confident,
Till they are discover'd: There were Jewels stolne too,
In my conceit, none are to be suspected
More than your selfe. *Bos.* You are a false Steward.
Ant. Sawcy slave; I'le pull thee up by the rootes.
Bos. May be the ruyne will crush you to peeces.
Ant. You are an impudent snake indeed (sir)
Are you scarce warme, and doe you shew your sting?
You Libell well (sir) *Bos.* No sir,
Copy it out, and I will set m, hand to't.
Ant. My nose bleeds: One that were superstitious, would count
This ominous, when it meerely comes by chance.
Two letters, that are wrought here for my name
Are drown d in blood; meere accident: for you (sir) I'le take order;
I'th morne you shall be safe; 'tis that must colour
Her lying in; sir, this dore you passe not:
I doe not hold it fit, that you come neere
The Dutchesse lodgings, till you have quite your selfe;
The Great are like the Base; nay, they are the same,
When they seeke shamefull waies, to avoyd shame. *Exit.*
Bos. *Antonio* here about, did drop a Paper,

Some

Some of your helpe (false friend) oh, here it is:
What's here? a childes Nativity calculated?

The Dutchesse was deliver'd of a Sonne, 'tweene the houres twelve and one in the night: Anno Dom: 1504, *(that's this yeer)* decimo nono Decembris, *(that's this night) taken according to the Meridian of Malfy (that's our Dutchesse, happy discovery.) the Lord of the first house being combust in the ascendant, signifies short life: and* Mars *being in a human signe, joyn'd to the taile of the Dragon, in the eight house, doth threaten a violent death;* Cætera non scrutantur.

Why now 'tis most apparant: This precise fellow
Is the Dutchesse Bawde: I have it to my wish:
This is a parcell of Intelligency
Our Courtiers were cas'd up for? It needes must follow,
That I must be committed, on pretence
Of poysoning her: which I'le endure, and laugh at:
If one could finde the father now: but that
Time will discover; Old *Castruchio*
I'th morning posts to *Rome*; by him I'le send
A Letter, that shall make her brothers Gails
Ore-flow their Livers, this was a thrifty way,

Though lust doe masque in nea'r so strange disguise,
She's oft found witty, but is never wise.

SCENA IIII.

Cardinall, and Julia, Servant, and Delio.

Card. Sit: thou art my best of wishes, prethee tell me
What tricke didst thou invent to come to *Rome*,
Without thy husband? *Jul.* Why (my Lord) I told him
I came to visit an old Anchorite
Here, for devotion. *Card.* Thou art a witty false one:
I meane to him. *Jul.* You have prevailed with me
Beyond my strongest thoughts: I would not now
Find you inconstant. *Card.* Do not put thy selfe
To such a voluntary torture, which proceedes
Out of your owne guilt. *Jul.* (How my) Lord?)
Card. You feare my constancy, because you have approov'd.
Those giddy and wild turning in your selfe.
Jul. Did you ere find them?
Card. Sooth generally for women;
A man might strive to make glasse male-able,

Ere he should make them fixed, *Jul.* So, (my Lord)
Card. We had need go borrow that fantastique glasse
Invented by *Galileo* the Florentine,
To view another spacious world i'th'Moone,
And look to finde a constant woman there.
Jul. This is very well (my Lord.)
Card. Why do you weep?
Are teares your justification? the selfesame teares
Will fall into your husbands bosome, (Lady)
With a loud protestation, that you love him
Above the world: Come, I'le love you wisely,
That jealously, since I am very certaine
You cannot make me cuckould. *Jul.* I'le go home
To my husband. *Card.* You may thanke me Lady,
I have taken you off your melancholly pearch,
Boare you upon my fist, and shew'd you game,
And let you flye at it: I prethee kisse me,
When thou was't with thy husband, thou was't watch't
Like a tame Elephant: (still you are to thanke me)
Thou hadst only kisses from him, and high feeding,
But what delight was that? 'twas just like one
That hath a little fingring on the Lute,
Yet cannot tune it: (still you are to thanke me.)
Jul. You told me of a piteous wound i'th'heart,
And a sicke liver, when you woed me first,
And spake like one in phy sicke. *Card.* Who's that?
Rest firme, for my affection to thee,
Lightning moves slow to't. *Serv.* Madam a Gentleman
That's come poste from *Malfy*, desires to see you.
Car. Let him enter, I'le withdraw. *Ex.* *Ser.* He saies,
Your husband (old *Castruchio*) is come to *Rome*,
Most pittifully tyr'd with riding post.
Jul. Signior *Delio*? 'tis one of my old Suitors.
Del. I was bold and come to see you.
Jul Sir, you are welcome. *Del.* Do you lie here?
Jul. Sure, your owne experience
Will satisfie you now, our Romane Prelates
Do not keep lodging for Ladies. *Del.* Very well:
I have brought you no commendations from your husband,
For I know none by him. *Jul.* I heare he's come to *Rome*.

Del.

Del. I never knew man, and beast, of a horse, and a knight,
So weary of each other, if he had had a good back,
He would have undertooke to have borne his horse,
His breech was so pitifully sore. *Jul.* Your laughter,
Is my pitty. *Del.* Lady, I know not whether
You want mony, but I have brought you some.
Jul. From my husband?
Del. No, from mine own allowance.
Jul. I must heare the condition ere I be bound to take it.
Del. Look on't, 'tis gold, hath it not a fine colour?
Jul. I have a Bird more beautifull.
Del. Try the sound on't. *Jul.* A Lute-string far exceeds it,
It hath no smell, like Cassia, or Cyvit,
Nor is it phisicall, though some fond Doctors
Perswade us, seeth's in Cullisses, I'le tell you,
This is a Creature bred by———
Ser. Your husband's come,
Hath deliver'd a letter to the Duke of *Calabria*, that,
To my thinking hath put him out of his wits.
Jul. Sir, you heare,
Pray let me know your businesse, and your suite,
As briefly as can be.
Del. With good speed, I would wish you
(At such time, as you are non-resident
With your husband) my Mistris.
Jul. Sir, Ile go aske my husband if I shall,
And straight returne your answer. *Exit.*
Del. Very fine, Is this her wit, or honesty that speak thus?
I heard one say the Duke was highly mov'd
With a letter sent from *Malfy*: I do feare
Antonio is betray'd: how fearfully
Shewes his ambition now, (unfortunate Fortune)
They passe through whirle-pooles, and deep wos do shun,
Who the event weigh, ere the action's done.

SCENA V.

Cardinall, and Ferdinand, with a letter.

Ferd. I have this night dig'd up a man-darke.
Car. Say you? *Ferd.* And I am grown mad with't.
Car. What's the progedy?

Ferd. Read there, a sister damn'd, she's loose i'th'hilts:
Growne a notorious strumpet.
Car. Speake lower. *Ferd.* Lower?
Rogues do not whisper't now, but seeke to publish't,
(As servants do the bounty of their Lords)
Aloud; and with a covetous searching eye,
To marke who note them: Oh confusion sease her,
She hath had most cunning bawdes to serve her turne,
And more secure conveyances for lust,
Than Townes of garrison for service. *Card.* Is't possible?
Can this be certaine? *Ferd.* Rubarbe, oh for rubarbe
To purge this choller, here's the cursed day
To prompt my memory, and here't shall sticke
Till of her bleeding heart I make a spunge
To wipe it out. *Card.* Why doe you make your selfe
So wild a tempest? *Ferd.* Would I could be one,
That I might tosse her pallace 'bout her eares,
Root up her goodly forrests, blast her meades,
And lay her generall territory as waste,
As she hath done her honors. *Card.* Shall our blood?
(The royall blood of *Arragon*, and *Castile*)
Be thus attainted? *Ferd.* Apply desperate physicke,
We must not now use Balsamum, but fire,
The smarting cupping-glasse: for that's the meane
To purge infected blood, (such blood as hers:)
There is a kinde of pitty in mine eye,
I'le give it to my hand-kercher; and now 'tis here,
I'le bequeath this to her Bastard. *Card.* What to doe?
Ferd. Why to make soft lint for his mothers wounds,
When I have hewed her to peeces.
Card. Curs'd creature,
Unequall nature, to place womens hearts
So farre upon the left-side. *Ferd.* Foolish men,
That ere will trust their honor in a Barke,
Made of so slight, weake bul-rush, as this woman,
Apt every minute to sinke it? *Card.* Thus
Ignorance, when it hath purchas'd honor,
It cannot weild it.
Ferd. Me thinkes I see her laughing,
Excellent *Hyenna*, talke to me somewhat, quickly,

Or my imagination will carry me
To see her in the shamefull act of sinne. *Card.* With whom?
Ferd. Happily, with some strong thigh'd Bargeman?
Or one th'wood-yard, that can quoit the sledge,
Or tosse the barre, or else some lovely Squire
That carries coles up to her private lodgings.
Card. You fly beyond your reason.
Ferd. Go to (Mistris.)
'Tis not your whores milke that can quench my wild-fire,
But your whores blood.
Card. How idlely shewes this rage?
Which carries you, as men convey'd by witches, through the ayre,
On violent whirle-windes, this intemperate noise,
Fitly resembles deafe mens shrill discourse,
Who talke aloud, thinking all other men
To have their imperfection. *Ferd.* Have not you
My palsey? *Card.* Yes, I can be angry
Without this rupture, there is not in nature
A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,
As doth intemperate anger: chide your selfe,
You have divers men, who never yet expreft
Their strong desire of rest, but by unrest,
By vexing of themselves: Come, put your selfe
In tune. *Ferd.* So, I will only study to seeme
The thing I am not: I could kill her now,
In you, or in my selfe, for I doe thinke
It is some sinne in us, Heaven doth revenge
By her. *Card.* Are you starke mad?
Ferd. I would have their bodies
Burnt in a cole-pit, with the ventage stop'd,
That their curs'd smoake might not ascend to Heaven:
Or dip the sheetes they lie in, in pitch or sulphure,
Wrap them in't, and then light them like a match:
Or else to boyle their Bastard to a cullisse,
And giv't his leacherous father, to renew
The sinne of his backe.
Card. I'le leave you. *Ferd.* Nay, I have done,
I am confident, had I bin damn'd in hell,
And should have heard of this, it would have put me
Into a cold sweat: In, in, I'le go sleepe,

Till I know who leapes my sister, I'le not stirre:
That knowne, I'le finde Scorpions to sting my whips.
And fix her in a generall ecclipse. *Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENA I.

Antonio, and Delio, Dutchesse, Ferdinand, Bosola,

Ant. Our noble friend (my most beloved *Delio*)
Oh, You have bin a stranger long at Court,
Came you along with the Lord *Ferdinand?*
Del. I did sir, and how fares your noble Dutchesse
Ant. Right fortunately well: She's an excellent
Feeder of pedegrees: since you last saw her,
She hath had two children more, a sonne and daughter.
Del. Methinkes 'twas yesterday: Let me but winke,
And not behold your face, which to mine eye
Is somewhat leaner, verily I should dreame
It were within this halfe houre.
Ant. You have not beene in Law (friend *Delio*)
Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the Court,
Nor beg'd the reversion of some great mans place,
Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make
Your time so insencibly hasten. *Del.* 'Pray sir tell me,
Hath not this newes arriv'd yet to the eare
Of the Lord Cardinall? *Ant.* I feare it hath,
The Lord *Ferdinand* (that's newly come to Court)
Doth beare himselfe right dangerously. *Del.* Pray why?
Ant. He is so quiet, that he seemes to sleepe
The tempest out (as Dormice do in winter)
Those houses that are haunted, are most still,
Till the divell be up. *Del.* What say the common people.
Ant. The common-rable, do directly say
She is a Strumpet. *Del.* And your graver heads,
(Which would be politique) what censure they?
Ant. They do observe, I grow to infinite purchase
The left hand way, and all suppose the Dutchesse
Would amend it, if she could: For, say they
Great Princes, though they grudge their Officers
Should have such large, and unconfined meanes
To get wealth under them, will not complaine

Lest thereby they should make them odious
Unto the people, for other obligation
Of love or marriage, betweene her and me,
They never dreame of. *Del.* The Lord *Ferdinand*
Is going to bed. *Ferd.* I'le instanly to bed,
For I am weary; I am to be-speake
A husband for you. *Duch.* For me sir? pray who is't?
Ferd. The great Count *Malateste.* *Dutch.* Fye upon him,
A Count? he's a meere sticke of Sugar-candy,
(You may looke quite thorough him) when I choose
A husband, I will marry for your honor.
Ferd. You shall do well in't: How is't (worthy *Antonio?*)
Dutch. But (Sir) I am to have private conference with you,
About a scandalous report, is spread
Touching mine honor. *Ferd.* Let me be ever deafe to't:
One of Pasquils paper-bullets, court calumney,
A pestilent ayre, which Princes Pallaces
Are seldome purg'd off: Yet, say that it were true,
I poure it in your bosome, my fix'd love,
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay deny
Faults where they apparant in yon: Go be safe
In your owne innocency. *Duch.* Oh bless'd comfort,
This deadly ayre is purg'd. *Exeunt*
Ferd. Her guilt treads on
Hot burning cultures: Now *Bosola,*
How thrives our intelligence? *Bos.* Sir uncertainly,
'Tis rumour'd she hath had three bastards, but
By whom, we may go read i'th'Starres. *Ferd.* Why some
Hold opinion, all things are written there.
Bos. Yes, if we could finde Spectacles to read them,
I do suspect, there hath bin some Sorcery
Us'd on the Dutchesse. *Ferd.* Sorcery, to what purpose?
Bos. To make her dote on some desertles fellow,
She shames to acknowledge.
Ferd. Can your faith give way
To thinke there's power in potions, or in Charmes,
To make us love, whether we will or no?
Bos. Most certainly.
Ferd. Away, these are meere gulleries, horred things
Invented by some cheating Mounte-banckes

To abuse us: Do you thinke that herbes, or charmes
Can force the will? Some trialls have bin made
In this foolish practise, but the ingredients
Were lenative poysons, such as are of force
To make the patient mad; and straight the witch
Sweares (by equivocation, they are in love.
The witch-craft lies in her rancke blood: this night
I will force confession from her: You told me
You had got (within these two dayes) a false key
Into her Bed-chamber. *Bos.* I have.
Ferd. As I would wish.
Bos. What doe you intend to do? *Ferd.* Can you ghesse?
Bos. No. *Ferd.* Do not a ke then:
He that can compasse me, and know my drifts,
May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
And sounded all her quick-sands. *Bos.* I doe not
Thinke so. *Ferd.* What do you thinke then, pray;
Bos. That you are
Your owne Chronicle too much: and grosly
Flatter your selfe. *Ferd.* Give me thy hand, I thanke thee:
I never gave Pension but to flatterers,
Till I entertained thee: farewell.
That friend a great mans ruine strongly checks,
Who railes into his beliefe, all his defects.

SCENA II.

Dutchesse, Antonio, Cariola, Ferdinand, Bosola, Officers.

Dutch. Bring me the Casket hither, and the Glasse;
You get no lodging here to night (my Lord.)
Ant. Indeed I must perswade one. *Dutch.* Very good:
I hope in time 'twill grow into a custome,
That Noble men shall come with cap and knee,
To purchase a nights lodging of their wives.
Ant. I must lye here.
Dutch. Must? you are a Lord of mis-rule.
Ant. Indeed, my rule is only in the night.
Dutch. To what use will you put me?
Ant. We'll sleep together.
Dutch. Alas, what pleasure can two Lovers find in sleepe?
Car. My Lord, I lye with her often: and I know

She'll

She'll much disquiet you.

Ant. See, you are complain'd of.

Car. For she's the sprawlingst bedfellow.

Ant. I shall like her the better for that.

Car. Sir, shall I aske you a question?

Ant. I pray thee *Cariola.*

Car. Wherefore still when you lye with my Lady
Do you rise so early? *Ant.* Labouring men
Count the Clocke oftnest *Cariola,*
Are glad when their task's ended. *Dutch.* I'le stop your mouth.

Ant. Nay, that's but one, *Venus* had two soft Doves
To draw her Chariot: I must have another:
When wilt thou marry *Cariola?* *Car.* Never (my Lord)

Ant. O fie upon this single life: forgo it:
We read how *Daphne,* for her peevish flight
Became a fruitlesse Bay-tree: *Siriux* turn'd
To the pale empty Reede: *Anaxarate*
Was frozen into Marble: whereas those
Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends
Were, by a gracious influence, transhap'd
Into the Olive, Pomgranet, Mulbery:
Became Flowers, precious Stones, or eminent Starres.

Car. This is a vaine Poetry; but I pray you tell me,
If there were propos'd me, wisdome, riches, and beauty,
In three severall yong men, which should I choose?

Ant. 'Tis a hard question: This was *Paris* case,
And he was blind in't, and there was great cause:
For how was't possible he should judge right,
Having three amorous Goddesses in view,
And they starke naked: 'twas a Motion
Were able to benight the apprehension
Of the severest Counsellor of Europe.
Now I looke on both your faces, so well form'd,
It puts me in minde of a question, I would aske.

Car. What is't?

Ant. I doe wonder why hard-favour'd Ladies
For the most part, keepe worse favour'd wayting women,
To attend them, and cannot endure faire ones.

Dutch. Oh, that's soone answer'd.
Did you ever in your life know an ill Painter

Desire to have his dwelling next doore to the shop
Of an excellent Picture-maker ? 'twould disgrace
His face-making, and undo him : I pre-thee
VVhen were we merry ? my haire tangles.
Ant. Pray-thee, *Cariola*, let's steale forth the room,
And let her talke to her selfe : I have divers times
Served her the like, when she had chafd extreamely :
I love to see her angry : softly *Cariola*. *Exeunt.*
Dut. Doth not the colour of my haire 'gin to change ?
VVhen I waxe gray, I shall have all the Court
Powder their haire, with Arras, to be like me :
You have cause to love me, I entred into my heart
Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keyes.
We shall one day have my brothers take you napping:
Me thinkes his Presence (being now in Court)
Should make you keep your own bed: but you'll say
Love mixt with feare, is sweetest : I'le assure you
You shall get no more children till my brothers (welcome:
Consent to bee your Gossips : have you lost your tongue ? 'tis
For know whether I am doomb'd to live, or die,
I can do both like a Prince. *Ferdinand gives her a Poniard.*
Ferd. Die then, quickly :
Vertue, where art thou hid ? what hideous thing
Is it, that doth clip thee ? *Dutc.* Pray, sir, heare me.
Ferd. Or is it true, thou art but a bare name,
And no essentiall thing ? *Dutc.* Sir.
Ferd. Do not speake. *Dutc.* No. sir :
I will plant my soule in mine eares, to heare you.
Ferd. Oh must imperfect light of humane reason ;
That mak'st so unhappy, to fore-see
What we can least prevent : Pursue thy wishes,
And glory in them : there's in shame no comfort,
But to be past all bounds, and sense of shame.
Dutch. I pray, sir, heare me: I am married. *Fer.* So.
Dut. Happily, not to your liking : but for that
Alas : your sheeres do come untimely now
To clip the birds wings, that's already flowne :
VVill you see my Husband ? *Fer.* Yes, if I
Could change eyes with a Basilisque.
Dutc. Sure, you came hither
By his consideracy. *Ferd.* The howling of a VVolfe

Is musicke to the (screch-Owle) prethee peace
What ere thou art, that hast enjoy'd my sister,
(For I am sure thou heardst me) for mine owne sake
Let me not know thee : I came hither, prepar'd
To worke thy discovery : yet am now perswaded
It would beget so violent effects
As would damne us both : I would not for ten millions
I had beheld thee ; therefore use all meanes
I never may have knowledge of thy name ;
Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,
On that condition : and for thee (wilde woman)
If thou doe wish thy Leacher may grow old
In thy Embracements, I would have thee build
Such a roome for him as our Anchorites
To holier use inhabite : Let not the Sun
Shine on him, till he's dead : Let Dogs and Monkeys
Only converse with him, and such dumbe things
To whom nature denies use, to sound his name.
Doe not keepe a Paraqueto, lest she learne it;
If thou doe love him, cut out thine owne tongue
Lest it bewray him.

Dutch. Why might not I marry ?
I have not gone about, in this, to create
Any new world , or custome. *Ferd.* Thou art undone.
And thou hast taine that massy sheet of lead
That hid thy husbands bones, and fonlded it
About my heart. *Dutch.* Mine bleedes for't.

Eerd. Thine ? thy heart ?
What should I name't, unlesse a hollow bullet
Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire ?

Dutch. You are, in this
Too strict ; and were you not my Princely brother
I would say too wilfull : My reputation
Is safe. *Ferd.* Dost thou know what reputation is,
I'le tell thee to small purpose, since th'instruction
Comes now too late.
Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death,
Would travell o're the world : and it was concluded
That thhy should part, and take three severall wayes :
Death told them, they should find him in great battailes:

Or Cities plagu'd with plagues: Love gives them counsell
To enquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talk't of: and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left
By their dead Parents: stay (quoth Reputation)
Do not forsake me: for it is my nature
If once I part from any man I meet
I am never found againe: And so, for you:
You have shooke hands with Reputation,
And made him invisible: So fare you well.
I will never see you more. *Dutch.* Why should only I,
Of all the other Princes of the World
Be cas'd up, like a holy Relique? I have youth,
And a little beauty.
Ferd. So you have some Virgins,
That are Witches: I will never see thee more. *Exit.*
Dutch. You saw this apparition,
Enter Antonio with a Pistoll.
Ant. Yes; we are
Betraid; how came he hither I should turne
This to thee, for that. *Car.* Pray sir doe: and when
That you have cleft my heart, you shall reade there,
Mine innocence. *Dutch.* That Gallery gave him entrance.
Ant. I would this terrible thing would come againe,
That (standing on my guard) I might relate
My warrantable love: ha, what meanes this?
Dutch. He left this with me. *She shewes the ponyard.*
Ant. And it seemes, did wish
You would use it on your selfe. *Dutch.* His action
Seem'd to intend so much. *Ant.* This hath a handle to't,
As well as a point, turne it towards him,
And so fasten the keene edge in his rancke Gall:
How now? who knocks? more Earthquakes?
Dutch. I stand
As if a Myne, beneath my feet, were ready
To be blowne up. *Car.* 'Tis *Bosola.*
Dutch. Away,
Oh misery, me thinkes unjust actions
Should weare these masques, and curtaines; and not we:
You must instantly part hence, I have fashion'd it already. *Ex. Ant.*

Bos.

Bos. The Duke your brother is tane up in a whirle wind
Hath tooke horse, and's rid poste to *Rome.* *Dutch.* So late?
Bos. He told me, (as he mounted into th'saddle)
You were undone. *Dutch.* Indeed, I am very neere it.
Bos. What's the matter?
Dutch. *Antonio* the master of our houshold
Hath dealt so falsely with me, in's accounts:
My brother stood engag'd with me for money
Ta'ne up of certaine Neopolitane Jewes,
And *Antonio* let's the bonds be forfeit.
Bos. Strange, this is cunning. *Dutch.* And hereupon
My brothers Bills at Naples are protested
Against: call up the Officers. *Bos.* I shall. *Exit*
Dutch. The place that you must flye to, is *Ancona,*
Hire a house there. I'le send after you
My treasure, and my Jewels: our weake safety
Runs upon ingenious wheeles; short fillables,
Must stand for periods: I must now accuse you
Of such a fained crime, as *Tasso* calls
Magnanima Mensogna: a Noble lye,
Cause it must shield our honors: harke they are comming.
Ant. Will your grace heare me?
Dutch. I have got well by you: you have yeelded me
A million of losse; I am like to inherit
The peoples curses for your Stewardship:
You had the tricke, in Audit time to be sicke,
Till I had sign'd your *Quietus*; and that cur'd you
Without helpe of a Doctor. Gentlemen,
I would have this man be an example to you all:
So shall you hold my favour: I pray let him;
For h'as done that (alas) you would not thinke of,
And (because I intend to be rid of him)
I meane not to publish: use your fortune elsewhere.
Ant. I am strongly arm'd to brooke my over-throw,
As commonly men beare with a hard yeere:
I will not blame the cause on't; but doe thinke
The necessity of my malevolent starre
Procures this, not her humour: O the inconstant,
And rotten ground of service, you may see:
'Tis ev'n like him, that in a winter night,

Takes a long slumber, ore a dying fire;
As loath to part from't: yet parts thence are cold,
As when he first face downe. *Dutch.* We doe confiscate
(Towards the satisfying of yonr accounts)
All that you have. *Ant.* I am all yours: and 'tis very fit
All mine should be so. *Dutch.* So, sir; you have your Passe.
Ant. You may see (Gentlemen) what 'tis to serve
A Prince with body and soule. *Exit.*
Bos. Here's an example for extortion; what moisture is drawne out of the Sea, when foule weather comes, powres downe, and runs into the Sea againe.
Dutch. I would know what are your opinions
Of this *Antonio.*
2 *Offi.* He could not abide to see a Pigs head gaping,
I thought your Grace would finde him a Jew.
3 *Offi.* I would you had bin Officer, for your owne sake.
4 *Offi.* You would have had more money.
1 *Offi.* He stop'd his eares with blacke wooll: and to those came
To him for money said he was thicke of hearing. (a woman.
2 *Offi.* Some said he was an hermophrobite, for he could not abide
4 *Offi.* How scurvy proud would he looke, when the Treasury
Well, let him go. (was full:
1 *Offi.* Yes, and the chippings of the Buttery flye after him,
To scowre his golden Chaine.
Dutch. Leave us: what doe you thinke of these?
Bos. That these are rogues; thar in's prosperity,
But to have waited on this Fortune, could have wish'd
His dirty Stirrop rivited through their noses:
And follow'd after's Mule, like a Beare in a ring.
Would have prostituted their daughters to his lust:
Made their first-borne Intelligencers: thonght none happy
But such as were borne under his Planet:
And wore his Livery: and doe these lice drop off now?
Well, never looke to have the like againe:
He hath left a sort of flattring rogues, behind him,
Their do ɔme must follow: Princes pay flatterers,
In their owne money Flatterers dissemble their vices,
And they dissemble their lies, that's Justice:
Alas, poore Gentleman.
Dutch. Poore? he hath amply fill'd his cofers.

Bos. Sure he was too honest: *Pluto* the god of riches,
When he's sent (by *Jupiter*) to any man
He goes limping, to signify that wealth
That comes on gods name, comes slowly, but when he's sent
On the divells arrand, he rides post, and comes in by scuttles:
Let me shew you, what a most unvalu'd Jewell,
You have (in a wanton humour) throwne away,
To blesse the man shall finde him, He was an excellent
Courtier, and most faithfull, a souldier, that thought it
As beastly to know his owne value too little,
As devillish to acknowledge it too much,
Both his vertue and forme, deserv'd a farre better fortune:
His discourse rather delighted to judge it selfe, than shew it selfe.
His breast was fill'd with all perfection,
And yet it seem'd a private whispering roome,
It made so little noyse ofe.

Duich. But he was basely descended,

Bos. Will you make your selfe a mercinary herald,
Rather to examine mens pedegrees than vertues?
You shall want him,
For know an honest states-man to a Prince,
Is like a Cedar planted by a Spring,
The Spring bathes the trees root, the gratefull tree,
Rewards it with his shadow: you have not done so,
I would sooner swim to the *Bermootha's* on two Polititians
Rotten bladders, tide together with an Intelligencers heart-string
Than depend on so changeable a Princes favour.
Fare thee well (*Antonio*) since the malice of the world
Would needs downe with thee, it cannot be said yet
That any ill happened unto thee, considering thy fall,
Was accompanied with vertue.

Dutch. Oh, you render me excellent musicke. *Bos.* Say you?

Dutch. This good one that you speake of, is my husband.

Bos. Do I not dreame? can this amqitious age
Have so much goodnes in't, as to prefer
Of wealth and painted honors? possible?

Dutch. I have had three children by him.

Bos. Fortunate Lady,
For you have made your private nuptiall bed
The humble and faire Seminary of peace,

No

No question but many an unbenefic'd Scholler
Shall pray for you, for this deed, and rejoyce
That some preferment in the world can yet
Arise from merit. The virgins of your land
(That have no dowries) shall hope, your example
Will raise them to rich husbands: Should you want
Souldiers, 'twould make the very *Turks* and *Moores*
Turne Christians, and serve you for this act.
Last, the neglected Poets of your time,
In honour of this trophee of a man,
Rais'd by that curious engine, (your white hand)
Shall thanke you, in your grave for't; and make that
More reverend than all the Cabinets
Of living Princes: For *Antonio*
His fame, shall likewise flow, from many a pen,
When Heralds shall want coates, to sell to men.

Dut. As I taste comfort, in this friendly speech,
So would I find concealement.

Bos. O the secret of my Prince,
Which I will weare on th'in-side of my heart.

Dut. You shall take charge of all my coyne, and jewels,
And follow him, for he retires himselfe
To *Ancona*. *Bos.* So.

Dutc. Whether, within few dayes,
I meane to follow thee. *Bos.* Let me thinke:
I would wish your Grace, to faigne a Pilgrimage
To our Lady of *Loretto*, (scarce seven leagues
From faire *Ancona*) so may you depart
Your Country, with more honour, and your flight
Will seeme a Princely progresse, retaining
Your usuall traine about you. *Dutc.* Sir, your direction
Shall lead me by the hand. *Car.* In my opinion
She were better progresse to the bathes
At *Leuca*, or go visit the *Spaw*
In *Germany*, for (if you will beleeve me)
I do not like this jesting with religion,
This faigned Pilgrimage.

Dutch. Thou art a superstitious foole,
Prepare us instantly for our departure:
Past sorrowes, let us moderately lament them,

For

For those to come, seeke wisely to prevent them. *Exit.*

Bos. A Politician is the divels quilted anvell,
He fashions all sinnes on him, and the blowes
Are never heard, he may worke in a Ladies Chamber,
(As here for proof) what rests, but I reveale
All to my Lord: Oh this base quality
Of Inteligencers? why, every Quality i'th' world
Prefers but gaine, or commendation:
Now for this act, I am certaine to be rais'd,
And men that paint weeds (to the life) are prais'd. *Exit.*

SCENA III.

Cardinall, Ferdinand, Malateste, Pescara, Silvio, Delio, Bosola.

Card. Must we turne Souldier then? *Mal.* The Emperor,
Hearing your worth that way, (ere you attain'd
This reverend garment) joynes you in commission
With the right fortunate souldier, the Marquis of *Pescara*,
And the famous *Lanoy*. *Card.* He that had the honor
Of taking the French King prisoner? *Mal.* The same,
Here's a plot drawne, for a new Fortification.
At *Naples*. *Ferd.* This great Count *Malateste*, I perceive
Hath got employment? *Del.* No employment (my Lord)
A marginall note in the muster-booke, that he is
A voluntary Lord. *Ferd.* He's no souldier.
Del. He ha's worne gun-powder in's hollow tooth, for the
Sil. He come to the leaguer, with a full intent, tooth-ache.
To eat fresh beefe, and garlicke, meanes to stay
Till the sent be gon, and straight returne to Court.
Del. He hath read all the late service,
As the City Chronicle relates it.
And keepes two Painters going, only to expresse
Battailes in modell. *Sil.* Then he'l fight by the booke.
Del. By the Almanacke, I thinke
To choose good dayes, and shun the Criticall;
That's his mistris skarfe. *Sil.* Yes, he protests
He would do much for that taffita.
Del. I thinke he would run away from a battal'e
To save it from taking prisoner. *Sil.* He is horribly afraid
Gun-powder will spoile the perfume on't.
Del. I saw a Dutch-man breake his pate once

For calling him pot-gun, he made his head
Have a boare in't like a musket.

Sil. I would he had made a touch-hole to't.
He is indeed a guarded sumpter cloth,
Only for the remoove of the Court.

Pes. *Bosola* arriv'd? what should be the businesse?
Some falling out amongst the Cardinals.
These factions amongst great men, they are like
Foxes, when their heads are divided
They carry fire in their tailes, and all the Country
About them, goes to wracke fort. *Sil.* What's that *Bosola?*

Del. I knew him in *Padua*, a fantasticall schollar,
Like such, who study to know how many knots was in
Hercules club, of what colour *Achilles* beard was,
Or whether *Hector* were not troubled with the tooth-ache:
He hath studied himselfe halfe bleare-ey'd, to know the
True semitry of *Cæsars* nose by a shooing-horne, and this
He did to gaine the name of a speculative man.

Pes. Marke Prince *Ferdinand*,
A very *Salamander* lives in's eye,
To mocke the eager violence of fire.

Sil. That Cardinal hath made more bad faces with his oppression,
Than ever *Michael Angelo* made good ones.
He lifts up's nose, like a foule Porpisse before a storme.

Pes. The Lord *Ferdinand* laughes.

Del. Like a deadly Canon,
That lightens ere it smoakes.

Pes. These are your true pangs of death,
The pangs of life, that struggle with great states-men.

Del. In such a deformed silence, witches whisper their charmes.

Card. Doth she make religion her riding hood
To keep her from the Sun and tempest?

Ferd. That: that damnes her: Methinkes her fault, and
Beauty blended together, shew like leprosie,
The whiter, the fouler: I make it a question
Whether her beggerly brats were ever christned.

Card. I will instantly solicite the state of *Ancona*
To have them banish'd. *Ferd.* You are for *Loretto?*
I shall not be at your Ceremony: fare you well,
Write to the Duke of *Malfy*, my yong Nephew,

She had by first husband, and acquaint him,
With's mothers honesty. *Bos.* I will.
Ferd. Antonio?
A slave that only smell'd of ink and counters,
And nev'r in's life, look'd like a gentleman,
But in the audit time; goe, goe presently,
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our horse,
And meet me at the fort-bridge. *Exeunt.*

SCENA IIII.

Two Pilgrimes to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto.

1. *Pilg.* I have not seen a goodlier Shrive then this,
Yet I have visited many. 2. The Cardinal of *Arragon* is this day
To resigne his Cardinals hat, his sister
Dutchesse likewise is arriv'd to pay her
Vow of Pilgrimage, I expect a noble Ceremony.
1. *Pilg.* No question:——They come.

Here the Ceremony of the Cardinals enstalment, in the habit of a Souldier, perform'd in delivering up his crosse, hat, robes, and ring, at the Shrive; and investing him with sword, helmet, shield, and spurs: Then Antonio, *the* Dutchesse, *and their children, (having presented themselves at the Shrine) are (by a form of banishment in dumb-shew expressed towards them by the Cardinall, and the state of* Ancona*) banished: During all which Ceremony, this Ditty is sung (to very solemn musick) by divers Church-men, and then* *Exeunt.*

Armes, and Honors, deck thy story,
To thy fames eternall glory,
Adverse fortune ever flie thee,
No disastrous fate come nigh thee.
I alone will sing thy prayses,
Whom to honor, vertue raises;
And thy study, that divine is,
Bent to Marshal discipline-is.
Lay aside all those robes lie by thee,
Crowne thy arts with armes: they'll beautifie thee.
O worthy of worthiest name, adorn'd in this manner,
Leade bravely thy forces on, under war warlike banner;
O, mayst thou prove fortunate in all Marshall courses,
Guide thou still, by skill, in arts, and forces;
Victory attend thee nigh whilst fame sings loud thy powers, (showres
Triumphant conquest crown thy head, and blessings poure downe

1 *Pilg.* Heer's a strange turne of state, who would have thought
So great a Lady, would have match'd her selfe
Unto so meane a person? yet the Cardinall
Beares himselfe too cruell. 2 *Pilg.* They are banish'd.
1 *Pilg.* But I would aske what power hath this state
Of *Ancona*, to determine of a free Prince?
2 *Pilg.* They are a free state sir, and her brother shew'd
How that the Pope fore-hearing of her loosenesse,
Hath seaz'd into the protection of the Church
The Dukedome, which she held as dowager.
1 *Pilg.* But by what justice? 2 *Pilg.* Sure I thinke by none,
Only her brothers instigation.
1 *Pilg.* What was it with such violence he took
Off from her finger? 2 *Pilg.* 'Twas her wedding ring,
Which he vow'd shortly he would sacrifice
To his revenge. 1 *Pilg.* Alas, *Antonio*,
If that a man be thrust into a well,
No matter who sets hand to't, his owne weight
Will bring him sooner to th'bottome: Come, let's hence.
Fortune makes this conclusion generall,
"All things to helpe th'unhappy man to fall. *Exeunt.*

SCENA V.

Antonio, Duchesse, Children, Cariola, Servants, Bosola, Souldiers, with Vizards.

Dutch. Banish'd *Ancona*? *Ant.* Yes, you see what power
Lightens in great mens breath. *Dutch.* Is all our traine
Shrunke to this poore remainder? *Ant.* These are poore men,
(Which have got little in your service) vow
To take your fortune: But your wiser buntings,
Now they are fledg'd, are gone.
Dutch. They have done wisely,
This puts me in minde of death, Physitians thus,
With their hands full of money, use to giue ore
Their Patients. *Ant.* Right the fashion of the world,
From decaid fortunes, every flatterer shrinkes,
Men cease to build, where the foundation sinkes.
Dutch. I had a very strange dreame to night.
Ant. What is't?
Dutch. Methought I wore my Coronet of State,

And

And on a sudden all the Diamonds
Were chang'd to Pearles *Ant.* My Interpretation
Is, you'll weepe shortly, for to me, the Pearles
Do signifie you tears. *Dutch.* The Birds, that live i'th field
On the wilde bensfit of Nature, live
Happier than we; for they may choose their Mates,
And carroll their sweet pleasures to the Spring.
Bos. You are happily ore-ta'ne. *Dutch.* From my brother?
Bos. Yes, from the Lord *Ferdinand*, your brother,
All love and safety. *Dutch.* Thou dost blanch mischiefe,
Wouldst make it white: See, see; like to the calme weather
At Sea, before a tempest, false hearts speake faire
To those they intend most mischiefe. (ticke equivocation)
A Letter. *Send* Antonio *to me, I want his head in a busines:* (a poli-
He doth not want your counsell, but your head;
That is, he cannot sleepe till you be dead.
And here's another Pitfall, that's strew'd ore
With Roses: marke it, 'tis a cunning one.
I stand ingaged for your husband, for severall debts at Naples: *let not*
That trouble him, I had rather have his heart than his money.
And I beleeve so too. *Bos.* What doe you beleeve?
Dutch. That he so much distrusts my husbands love,
He will by no meanes beleeve his heart is with him
Untill he see it: The devill is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in riddles.
Bos. Will you reject that noble and free league
Of amity and love, which I present you?
Dutch. Their league is like that of some politicke Kings
Only to make themselves of strength and power
To be our after-ruine: tell them so. *Bos.* And what from you?
Ant. Thus tell him: I will not come. *Bos.* And what of this?
Ant. My brothers have dispers'd
Blood-hounds abroad; which till I heare are muzzell'd;
No truce, though hatch'd with nere such politicke skill
Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies will.
I'le not come at them. *Bos.* This proclaimes your breeding,
Every small thing, drawes a base minde to feare:
As the Adamant drawes yron: fare you well sir,
You shall shortly heare from's. *Exit.*
Dutch. I suspect some Ambush:

Therefore by all my love; I doe conjure you
To take your eldest sonne, and fly towards *Millaine*;
Let us not venture all this poor remainder in one unlucky bottom.
Ant. You counsell safely:
Best of my life, farewell: Since we must part,
Heaven hath a hand in't: but no otherwise,
Then as some curious Artist, takes in sunder
A clock, or watch, when it is out of frame to bring't in better order
Dutc. I know not which is best,
To see you dead, or part with you: Farewel boy,
Thou art hapy, that thou hast not understanding
To know thy misery: For all our wit and
Reading, brings us to a truer sence of sorrow:
In the eternall Church, Sir, I doe hope we shall not part thus.
Ant. Oh, be of comfort,
Make patience a noble fortitude:
And think not how unkindly we are us'd:
"Man (like to *Cassia*) is prov'd best, being bruis'd
Dutc. Must I like to a slave-born Ruffian,
Account it praise to suffer tyranny? and yet
(O Heaven) thy heavy hand is in't. I have seene
My little boy, oft scourge his top, and compar'd
My selfe to't: naught made me ere go right,
But Heavens scourge-stick. *Ant.* Do not weep:
Heaven fashion'd us of nothing: and we strive
To bring our selves to nothing: farewel *Cariola*,
And thy sweet armful: if I do never see thee more
Be a good mother to your little ones,
And save them from the Tiger: fare you well.
Dutc. Let me looke upon you once more: for that speech
Came from a dying father: your kisse is colder
Then that I have seen an holy Anchorite
Give to a dead mans skull.
Ant. My heart is turn'd to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I sound my danger: fare you well. *Exit.*
Dutc. My Laurel is all withered.
Car. Looke (Madam) what a troop of armed men
Make toward us *Enter Bosola with a guard.*
Dutc. O, They are very welcome:
When Fortunes wheele, is over-charg'd with Princes,

The

The waight makes it move swift. I would have my ruine
Be sudden: I am your adventure, am I not?
Bos. You are, you must see your husband no more,
Dutch. What devil art thou, that counterfeits heavens thunder?
Bos. Is that terrible? I would have you tell me
Whether is that note worse, that frights the silly birds
Out of the corne, or that which doth allure them.
To the nets? you have hearkned to the last too much.
Dutch. O misery: like to a rusty ore-charg'd Canon,
Shall I never fly in pieces? come: to what prison?
Bos. To none: *Dutch.* Whether then?
Bos. To your Palace.
Dutch. I have heard that *Charons* boat, serves to convay
All ore the dismall Lake, but brings none backe againe.
Bos. Your brothers meane you, safety and pity.
Dutch. Pity! with such a pity men preserve alive
Pheasants, and Quailes, when they are not fat enough to be eaten.
Bos. These are your children? *Dutch.* Yes.
Bos. Can they prattle?
Dutch. No:
But I intend, since they were borne accurs'd,
Curses shall be their first language. *Bos.* Fye (Madam)
Forget this base low-fellow. *Dutch.* Were I a man: I'll'd
Beat that counterfeit face, into thy other. *Bos.* One of no birth.
Dutch. Say that he was borne meane.
Man is most happy, when's owne actions
Be arguments, and examples of his Vertue.
Bos. A barren, beggerly vertue.
Dutch. I pre-thee who is greatest, can you tell?
Sad tales befit my woe: I'le tell you one.
A Salmon, as she swam unto the Sea,
Met with a Dog-fish; who encounters her
With this rough language: why art thou so bold
To mixe thy selfe with our high state of floods
Being no eminent Courtier, but one
That for the calmest, and fresh time o'th' yeere
Do'st live in shallow Rivers, rank'st thy selfe
With silly Smylts, and Shrympes? and darest thou
Passe by our Dog-ship, without reverence?
O (Quoth the Salmon) sister, be at peace:

Thanke

Thanke *Jupiter*, we both have paſſ'd the Net,
Our value never can be truly knowne,
Till in the Fiſhers basket we be ſhowne.
I'th' Market then my price may be the higher,
Even when I am neereſt to the Cooke, and fire.
So, to Great men, the Morrall may be ſtretched.
,, Men oft are valued high, when th'are moſt wretch'd.
But come: whither you pleaſe: I am arm'd 'gainſt miſery:
Bent to all ſwayes of the Oppreſſors will.
There's no deepe Valley, but neere ſome great Hill. *Exit.*

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Ferdinand, Beſola, Dutcheſſe, Cariola, Servants.

Ferd. How doth our ſiſter Dutcheſſe beare her ſelfe
In her impriſonment?
Boſ. Nobly: I'le deſcribe her:
She's ſad, as one uſ'd to't: and ſhe ſeemes
Rather to welcome the end of miſery
Then ſhun it: a behaviour ſo noble,
As gives a majeſty to adverſity:
You may diſcerne the ſhape of lovelineſſe
More perfect, in her teares, then in her ſmiles;
She will muſe foure houres together: and her ſilence,
(Methinkes) expreſſeth more, then if ſhe ſpake.
Ferd. Her melancholy ſeems to be fortifide with a ſtrange diſdain.
Boſ. 'Tis ſo: and this reſtraint
(Like Engliſh Maſtiffes, that grow feirce with tying,)
Makes her too pationately apprehend thoſe pleaſures ſhe's kept (from.
Ferd. Curſe upon her:
I will no longer ſtudy in the booke
Of anothers heart: informe her what I told you. *Exit.*
Boſ. All comfort to your grace; *Dutch.* I will have none:
Pray-thee, why doſt thou wrap thy poyſoned pils
In Gold, and Sugar?
Boſ. Your elder brother, the Lord *Ferdinand*,
Is come to viſite you: and ſends you word,
'Cauſe once he raſhly made a ſolemne vow
Never to ſee you more, he comes i'th' night:
And prayes you (gently) neither torch nor taper
Shine in your chamber: he will kiſſe your hand:

And

And reconcile himselfe: but, for his vowe,
He dares not see you. *Dutc.* At his pleasure:
Take hence the lights: he's come.
Ferd. Where are you? *Dutc.* Here sir.
Ferd. This darknesse suits you well.
Dutc. I would aske you pardon. *Ferd.* You have it;
For I account it, the honorabl'st revenge
Where I may kill, to pardon: where are your Cubbs?
Dutch. Whom? *Ferd.* Call them your children;
For though our nationall law, distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue: compassionate nature
Makes them all equall. *Dutc.* Do you visit me for this?
You violate a Sacrament o'th'Church
Shall make you howle in hell for't. *Ferd.* It had bin well,
Could you have liv'd thus alwayes: for indeed
You were too much i'th' light: But no more,
I come to seale my peace with you: here's a hand, *gives her a*
To which you have vow'd much love: the Ring upon't *dead mens*
You gave. *Dutc.* I affectionately kisse it. *hand.*
Ferd. Pray do: and bury the print of it in your heart.
I will leave this Ring with you, for a love-token:
And the hand, as sure as the ring: and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
Send it to him that ow'd it: you shall see
Whether he can aid you. *Dutc.* You are very cold,
I feare you are not well after your travell:
Hah? lights: Oh horrible! *Ferd.* Let her have lights enough. *Exit.*
Dute. What witch-craft doth he practise, that he hath left
A dead-mans hand here?——— *Here is discover'd, (being a Travers;) the artificiall figures of* Antonio, *and his children, appearing as if they were dead.*
Bos. Looke you: here's the piece, from which 'twas ta'ne;
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may (wisely) cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.
Dutc. There is not between heaven and the earth, one wish
I stay for after this: it wastes me more,
Than were't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,
Stuke with a magicall needle, and then buried

In some foule dung-hill : and yond's an excellent property
For a tyrant which I would account mercy. *Bos.* What's that?
Dutc. If they would bind me to that liveless trunke?
And let me freeze to death. *Bos.* Come you must live.
Dutc. That's the greatest torture soules feele in hell,
In hell : that they must live, and cannot dye:
Portia, I'll new kindle thy coales againe,
And revive the rare, and almost dead example
Of a loving wife. *Bos.* O fye: despaire? remember
You are a Christian. *Dut.* The Church enjoynes fasting:
I'll starve my selfe to death.
Bos. Leave this vaine sorrow;
Things being at the worst, begin to mend:
The Bee when he hath shot his sting into your hand
May then play with your eye-lid.
Dutch. Good comfortable fellow.
Perswade a wretch that's broke upon the wheele
To have all his bones new set : entreat him live,
To be executed again : who must dispatch me?
I account this world a tedious Theater,
For I do play a part in't 'gainst my will.
Bos. Come, be of comfort, I will save your life.
Dut. Indeed I have not leisure to tend so small a business.
Bos. Now, by my life, I pitty you.
Dutc. Thou art a foole then,
To wast thy pitty on a thing so wretch'd
As cannot pitty it: I am full of daggers:
Puffe: let me blow these vipers from me:
What are you?
Ser. One that wishes you long life.
Dutc. I would thou wert hang'd for the horrible curse
Thou hast given me: I shall shortly grow one
Of the miracles of pitty : I'll go pray : No,
I'll go curse: *Bos.* Oh fye:
Dut. I could curse the Stars. *Bos.* Oh fearefull.
Dutc. And those three smyling seasons of the yeare
Into a Russian winter : nay the world
To its first Chaos. *Bos.* Looke you, the Stars shine still.
Dutc. Oh, but you must remember, my curse haath a great way to go
Plagues (that make lanes through largest families)
Consume them. *Bos.* Fye Lady.

Duic. Let them like tyrants
Never be remembred, but for the ill they have done:
Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Church-men forget them. *Bos.* O uncharitable.
Dut. Let heaven, a little while cease crowning Martirs
To punish them: Go, howle them this: and say I long to bleed
" It is some mercy, when men kill with speed. *Exit.*
Ferd. Excellent; as I would wish: she's plagu'd in Art.
These presentations are but fram'd in wax.
By the curious Master in that Quality,
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them
For true substantiall bodies.
Bos. Why do you do this?
Ferd. To bring her to despaire. *Bos.* 'Faith, end here,
And go farther in your cruelty,
Send her a penitentiall garment, to put on,
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her
With beads, and prayer books.
Ferd. Damne her, that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in't was more worth
Than that which thou wouldst comfort, (call'd a soule)
I wil send her masques of common Curtizans,
Have her meat serv'd up by baudes, and ruffians,
And ('cause she'll needes be mad) I am resolv'd
To remove forth the common Hospitall,
All the mad-folke, and place them neere her lodging:
There let them practise together, sing and dance,
And act their gambols to the full o'th' moone:
If she can sleepe the better for it, let her,
Your work is almost ended. *Bos.* Must I see her again?
Ferd. Yes. *Bos.* Never. *Ferd.* You must.
Bos. Never in mine own shape,
That's forfeited, by my intelligence,
And this last cruell lie: when you send me next,
The businesse shall be comfort. *Fer.* Very likely,
Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee: *Antonio*,
Lurkes about *Millaine*, thou shalt shortly thither,
To feed a fire, as great as my revenge,
Which nev'r will slack, till it have spent his fuell,
" Intemperate agues, make Physitians cruell. *Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Dutchesse, Cariola, Servant, Mad-men, Bosola, Executioners, Ferdinand.

Dutch. What hideous noise was that?
Cari. 'Tis the wild consort
Of Mad-men (Lady) which your Tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging: This tyranny,
I thinke was never practis'd till this houre.
Dutch. Indeed I thanke him: nothing but noyse and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason
And silence, make me starke mad: Sit downe,
Discourse to me some dismall Tragedy.
Cari. O 'twill increase your melancholly.
Dutch. Thou art deceiv'd,
To heare of greater griefe, would lessen mine,
This is a prison? *Cari.* Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off. *Dutch.* Thou art a foole,
The Robin red-brest and the Nightingale,
Never live long in cages. *Cari.* Pray dry your eyes.
What thinke you of Madame? *Dutch.* Of nothing:
When I muse thus, I sleepe,
Cari. Like a mad-man, with your eyes open?
Dutch. Dost thou thinke we shall know one another,
In th'other world? *Cari.* Yes, out of question.
Dutch. O that it were possible we might
But hold some two dayes conference with the dead,
From them, I should learne somewhat, I am sure
I never shall know here: I'le tell thee a miracle,
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
Th'heaven o're my head, seemes made of molten brasse,
The earth of flaming sulphure; yet I am not mad:
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tan'd galley-slave, is with his Oare,
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custome makes is easie, who doe I looke like now?
Cari. Like to your picture in the Gallery,
A deale of life in shew, but none in practise:
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruines are even pitied. *Dutch.* Very proper;

And

And fortune seemes only to have her eye-sight,
To behold my Tragedy: How now,
What noise is that? *Servant.* I am come to tell you.
Your brother hath intended you some sport:
A great Physician, when the Pope was sicke
Of a deepe melancholly, presented him
With severall sorts of mad-men, which wilde object
(Being full of change and sport) forc'd him to laugh,
And so th'impost-hume broke: the selfesame cure,
The Duke intends on you. *Dutch.* Let me come in.
Serv. There's a mad Lawyer, and a sculat Priest,
A Doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousie: an Astrologian,
That in his workes, said such a day o'th'moneth,
Should be the day of doome; and failing of't,
Ran mad: an English Taylor, craz'd i'th'braine,
With the study of new fashions: a gentleman Usher,
Quite beside himselfe, with care to keepe in minde,
The number of his Ladies salutations;
Or how do you, she employ'd him in each morning:
A Farmer too (an excellent knave in graine)
Mad, 'cause he was hindred transportation;
And let one Broaker (that's mad) loose to these,
You'ld thinke the diuell were among them.
Dutch. Sit *Caviola*: let them loose when you please,
For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny.

Here (by a Mad-man) this song is sung, to a dismall kinde of Musicke.

O let us howle, some heavy note,
some deadly dogged howle,
Sounding, as from the threatning throat,
of beasts, and fatall fowle.
As Ravens, Scrich-owles, Bulls, and Beares,
we'll bell, and bawle our parts,
Till jerk-some noise, have clog'd your eares,
and corasiu'd your hearts.
At last when as our quire wants breath,
our bodies being blest,
We'll sing like Swans, to welcome death,
and die in love and rest.

1 *Mad-man.* Doomes-day not come yet? I'le draw it neerer by a perspective, or make a glasse that shall set all the world on fire upon an instant: I cannot sleepe, my pillow is stuff't with a litter of Porcupines.

2 *Mad.* Hell is a meere glasse-house, where the devils are continually blowing up mens soules, on hollow yrons, and the fire never goes out.

3 *Mad.* I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night: I will tithe them over, like hay-cocks.

4 *Mad.* Shall my Pothecary out goe me, because I am a Cockold? I have found out his roguery: he makes allom Of his wives urin, and sells it to Puritanes, that have sore Throates with over-strayning.

1 *Mad.* I have skill in Harroldry. 2. Hast?

1. You doe give for your creast, a wood-cockes head, with the Braines pickt out on't, you are a very ancient Gentleman.

3. Greeke is turn'd Turke, we are only to be sav'd by the Helvetian translation. 1. Come on sir, I will lay the law to you

2. Oh, rather lay a corazive, the law will eat to the bone.

3. He that drinkes but to satisfie nature, is damn'd

4. If I had my glasse here, I would shew a sight should make All the women here, call me mad Doctor.

1. What's he, a rope-maker?

2. No, no, no, a snufling knave, that while he shewes the Tombes, will have his hand in a wenches placket.

3. Woe, to the Caroach, that brought home my wife from The Masque, at three a clocke in the morning, it had a large Feather-bed in it.

4 I have pared the devills nayles forty times, roasted them In Ravens egges, and cur'd agues with them.

3. Get me three hundred milch bats, to make possets, To procure sleepe.

4. All the Colledge may throw their caps at me, I have made a Soape-boyler costive, it was my master-piece; ——— *Here the Dance consisting of 8 Mad-men, with musicke answerable thereunto, after which,* Bosola (*like an old man*) *enters.*

Dutch. Is he mad too?

Serv. Pray question him: I'le leave you.

Bos. I am come to make thy tombe. *Dutch.* Hah, my tombe? Thou speak'st, as if I lay upon my death bed,

Gasping

Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sicke?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sicknes is insensible,

Dutch. Thou art not mad sure, dost know me?

Bos. Yes. *Dutch.* Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worme-seed, at best, but a saluatory
Of greene mummey: what's this flesh? a little curded milke,
Phantasticall puffe-paste: our bodies are weaker than those
Paper prisons, boyes use to keepe flies in; more contemptible:
Since ours is to preserve earth-wormes: didst thou never see
A Larke in a cage? such is the soule in the body: this world
Is like her little turfe of grasse, and the heaven ore our heads,
Like her looking-glasse, only gives us a miserable knowledge
Of the small compasse of our prison.

Dutch. Am not I, thy Dutchesse?

Bos. Thou art some great woman sure, for riot begins to sit on thy
Fore-head (clad in gray haires) twenty yeeres sooner, than on a
Merry milke-maides. Thou sleep'st worse, than if a mouse
Should be forc'd to take up his lodging in a cats eare:
A little infant, that breedes it's teeth, should it lie with thee, would
Cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bed-fellow.

Dutch. I am Dutchesse of *Malfy* still.

Bos. That makes thy sleepes so broken:
"Glories (like glow-wormes) a farre off, shine bright,
But look'd too neere, have neither heat nor light.

Dutch. Thou art very plaine.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.
I am a tombe-maker.

Dutch. And thou com'st to make my tombe?

Bos. Yes. *Dutch.* Let me be a little merry,
Of what stuffe wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

Dutch. Why, doe we grow phantasticall in our death-bed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously: Princes images on their tombes,
Do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray,
Up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheekes,
(As if they died of the tooth-ache) they are not carved
With their eyes fix'd upon the starres; but as their
Mindes were wholly bent upon the world,
The selfe same way; they seeme to turne their faces.

Dutc. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismall preparation,
This talke, fit for a chamell?
Bos. Now, I shall,
Here is a present from your Princely brothers, *A Coffin,*
And may it arrive wel-come, for it brings *Cords, and*
Last benefit, last sorrow. *a Bell.*
Dutc. Let me see it,
I have so much obedience, in my bloud,
I wish it in their veines, to do them good.
Bos. This is your last presence Chamber.
Cari. O my sweet Lady. *Dutc.* Peace, it affrights not me.
Bos. I am the common Bell-man,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer. *Dutc.* Even now thou said'st,
Thou wast a tombe-maker? *Bos.* 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification: Listen.
Harke, now everything is still,
The Schritch-Owle, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our Dame, aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shrowd:
Much you had of land and rent,
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your mind,
Here your perfect peace is sign'd,
Of what is't, fooles make such vaine keeping?
Lin their conception, their birth, weeping:
Their life a generall mist of error,
Their death, a hideous storme of error,
Strew your haire, with powders sweet:
D'on cleane linnen, bathe your feete,
And (the fouler stand more to doubt)
A crucifixe let blesse your necke,
'Tis now full tide, 'tweene night and day,
End your groane, and come away.
Cari. Hence villaines, tyrants, murderers: alas!
What will you do with my Lady? call for helpe.
Dutc. to whom, to our next neighbours? they are mud-folkes.
Bos. Remove that noyse. *Dutc.* Farewell *Cariola.*
In my last will, I have not much to give

A many hungry guests, have fed upon me,
Thine will be a poor reversion. *Car.* I will die with her.
Dutch. I pray-thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some sirrop for his cold, and let the girle
Say her prayers, ere she sleep. Now what you please,
What death? *Bos.* Strangling, here are your executioners.
Dutch. I forgive them:
The appoplexie, catharr, or cough o'th'lungs,
Would do as much as they do.
Bos. Doth not death fright you?
Dutch. Who would be afraid on't?
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th'other world. *Bos.* Yet, methinkes,
The manner of your death should much afflict you
This cord should terrifie you? *Dutch.* Not a whit,
What would it pleasure me, to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With Cassia? or to be shot to death, with pearles?
I know death hath ten thousand severall doores
For men to take their *Exits*: and 'tis found
They goe on such strange geometricall hinges,
You may open them both wayes: any way, (for heaven sake)
So I were out of your whispering: Tell my brothers,
That I perceive death, (now I am well awake)
Best gift is, they can give, or I can take,
I would faine put off my last womans fault,
I'l'd not be tedious to you. *Exec.* We are ready.
Dutch. Dispose my breath, how please you, but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you? *Exec.* Yes.
Dutch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength,
Must pull downe heaven upon me:
Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As Princely palaces, they that enter there
Must go upon their knees: Come violent death,
Serve for *Mandragora*, to make me sleepe;
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out, *They strangle her.*
They then may feed in quiet.
Bos. Where's the waiting woman?
Fetch her: Some other strangle the children:
Looke you, there sleeps your mistris.

Car. Oh thou art damn'd
Perpetually for this: My turne is next,
Is't not so ordered? *Bos.* Yes, I am glad
You are so well prepar'd for't. *Car.* You are deceiv'd sir,
I am not prepar'd for't, I will not die,
I will come to my answere, and know
How I have offended. *Bos.* Come dispatch her:
You kept her counsell, now you shall keepe ours.
Car. I will not die, I must not, I am contracted
To a yong Gentleman.
Exec. Here's your wedding Ring.
Car. Let me but speake with the Duke: I'le discover
Treason to his person. *Bos.* Delayes: throttle her.
Exec. She bites, and scratches. *Car.* If you kill me now
I am damn'd: I have not bin at confession
This two yeeres. *Bos.* When?
Car. I am quicke with child. *Bos.* Why then,
Your credit's sav'd: beare her into th'next roome:
Let this lie still. *Ferd.* Is she dead? *Bos.* She is what
You'l'd have her: But here begin your pity. *shewes the children strangled.*
Alas, how have these offended?
Ferd. The death
Of young Wolves, is never to be pitied.
Bos. Fix your eye here. *Ferd.* Constantly.
Bos. Do you not weep?
Other sins, only speake; Murther shreikes out:
The element of water, moistens the Earth,
But bloud flies upwards, and bedewes the Heavens.
Fer. Cover her face: mine eyes dazell: she di'd young.
Bos. I think not so: her infelicity
Seem'd to have yeares too many.
Ferd. She, and I were Twinnes:
And should I die this instant, I had liv'd
Her time to a minute.
Bos. It seemes she was borne first:
You have bloudily approv'd the ancient truth,
That kindred commonly do worse agree
Than remote strangers. *Fer.* Let me see her face again;
Why didst not thou pitty her: what an excellent
Honest man might'st thou have been

If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary?
Or (bold in a good cause) oppos'd thy selfe
With thy advanced sword above thy head,
Between her innocency, and my revenge?
I bad thee, when I was distracted of my wits,
Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast don't.
For let me but examine well the cause;
What was the meannesse of her match to me?
Onely I must confesse, I had a hope
(Had she continu'd widow) to have gain'd
An infinite masse of Treasure by her death:
And what was the main cause; her Mariage,
That drew a streame of gall quite through my
Heart; for thee, (as we observe in Tragedies
That a good Actor many times is curst 'd
For playing a villains part) I hate thee for't: and
(For my sake) say thou hast done much ill, well.

Bos. Let me quicken your memory: for I
Perceive you are falling into ingratitude: I
Challenge the reward due to my service.

Ferd. I'le tell thee,
What I'le give thee. *Bos.* Doe:

Ferd. I'le give thee a pardon for this murther:

Bos. Hah? *Ferd.* Yes: and 'tis
The largest bounty I can study to do thee.
By what authority didst thou execute
This bloudy service? *Bos.* By yours.

Ferd. Mine? was I her Iudge?
Did any ceremoniall form of law,
Doomb her to not-Being? did a compleat Iury
Deliver her conviction up i'th Court?
Where shalt thou find this Iudgment registred,
Vnlesse in hell? See: like a bloudy foole
Th'hast forfeited thy life, and thou shalt dy for't.

Bos. The office of justice is perverted quite
When one theefe hangs another: who shall dare
To reveale this: *Ferd.* Oh, I'le tell thee:
The wolfe shall finde her grave, and scrape it up
Not to devoure the corps, but to discover
The horrid murther.

Bos. You; not I shall quake for't. *Ferd.* Leave me:
Bos. I will first receive my Pension.
Ferd. You are a villaine: *Bos.* When your ingratitude
Is Iudge, I am so; *Ferd.* O horror!
That not the feare of him, which bindes the divels
Can prescribe man obedience.
Never looke upon me more. *Bos.* Why fare thee well:
Your brother, and your self, are worthy men;
You have a paire of hearts, are hollow Graves,
Rotten, and rotting others: and your vengeance,
(Like two chain'd-bullets) still goes arme in arme,
You may be Brothers: for treason, like the plague,
Doth take much in a bloud: I stand like one
That long hath ta'ne a sweet, and golden dreame.
I am angry with my selfe, now that I wake.
Ferd. Get thee into some unknown part o'th' world
That I may never see thee. *Bos.* Let me know
Wherefore I should be thus neglected? sir,
I serv'd your tyranny: and rather strove,
To satisfie your selfe, then all the world;
And though I loath'd the evill, yet I lov'd
You that did councell it: and rather sought
To appeare a true servant, then an honest man.
Ferd. I'le goe hunt the Badger by Owle-light:
'Tis a deed of darknesse. *Exit.*
Bos. He's much distracted: Off my painted honour,
While with vaine hopes, our faculties we tyre,
We seeme to sweat in yce, and freeze in fire;
What would I do, were this to do againe?
I would not change my peace of conscience
For all the wealth of Europe: She stirs; here's life:
Returne (faire soule) from darknesse, and leade mine
Out of this sencible hell: She's warme, she breathes:
Vpon thy pale lips I will melt my heart
To store them with fresh colour: who's there?
Some cordiall drinke, Alas! I dare not call:
So pity, would destroy pity: her Eye opes,
And heaven in it, seems to ope, (that late was shut,)
To take me up to mercy. *Dutch. Antonio.*
Bos. Yes (Madam) he is living,

The

The dead bodies you saw, were but faign'd statues;
He's reconcil'd to your brothers: the Pope hath wrought
The attonement. *Dutc.* Mercy. *she dies.*
Bos. Oh, she's gone againe: there the cords of life broke:
Oh sacred Innocence, that sweetly sleeps
On Turtles feathers: whilst a guilty conscience
Is a blacke Register, wherein is writ
All our good deeds, and bad: a Perspective
That shewes us hell; that we cannot be suffer'd
To doe good when we have a minde to it?
This is manly sorrow:
These teares, I am very certaine, never grew
In my mothers milke. My estate is sunke
Below the degree of feare: where were
These penitent fountaines, while she was living?
Oh, they were frozen up: here is a sight
As direfull to my soule, as is the sword
Unto a wretch hath slaine his father: Come I'le beare thee hence,
And execute thy will; that's deliver
Thy body to the reverend dispose
Of some good women: that the cruell tyrant
Shall not deny me: Then I'le post to *Millaine*,
Where somewhat I will speedily enact
Worth my dejection.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Antonio, Delio, Pescara. Julia.

Ant. What thinke you of my hope of reconcilement
To the *Arragonian* brethren? *Del.* I misdoubt it;
For though they have sent their letters of safe conduct
For your repaire to *Millaine*, they appeare
But Nets, to entrap you: The Marquis of *Pescara*,
Under whom you hold certaine land in Cheit,
Much 'gainst his noble nature, hath bin mov'd
To seize those lands, and some of his dependants
Are at this instant, making it their suit
To be invested in your revenues.
I cannot thinke, they meane well to your life,
That doe deprive you of your meanes of life,

Your living. *Ant.* You are still an heretique.
To any safety, I can shape my selfe.
Del. Here comes the Marquis: I will make my selfe
Petitioner for some part of your land,
To know whither it is flying. *Ant.* I pray do.
Del. Sir, I have a suit to you. *Pesc.* To me.
Del. An easie one:
There is the Cittadell of St. *Bennet*,
With some demeasnes, of late in the possession
Of *Antonio Bologna*, please you bestow them on me?
Pesc. You are my friend: But this is such a suit,
Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take. *Del.* No sir?
Pesc. I will give you ample reason for't,
Soon in private: Her's the Cardinalls Mistris.
Jul. My Lord, I am grown your poor petitioner,
And should be an ill begger, had I not
A Great mans letter, here (the Cardinals)
To Court you in my favour.
Pesc. He entreats for you
The Cittadell of St. *Bennet*, that belong'd
To the banish'd *Bologna*. *Jul.* Yes:
Pesc. I could not have thought of a friend, I could
Rather pleasure with it: 'tis yours: *Jul.* Sir, I thank you:
And he shall know how doubly I am engag'd
Both in your gift, and speedinesse of giving,
Which makes your grant, the greater. *Exit.*
Ant. How they fortifie
Themselves with my ruine? *Del.* Sir: I am
Little bound to you: *Pesc.* Why.
Del. Because you deniide this suit, to me, and gav't
To such a creature. *Pes.* Do you know what it was?
It was *Antonio's* land: not forfeited
By course of law; but ravish'd from his throat
By the Cardinals entreaty: it were not fit
I should bestow so maine a peece of wrong
Vpon my friend: 'tis a gratification
Only due to a strumpet: for it is injustice;
Shall I sprinkle the pure bloud of Innocents
To make those followers, I call my friends
Looke ruddier upon me? I am glad

This land, (ta'ne from the owner by such wrong)
Returnes againe unto so foule an use,
As Salary for his lust. Learne, (good *Delio*)
To aske noble things of me, and you shall find
I'le be a noble giver. *Del.* You instruct me well:
Ant. Why, here's a man now, would fright
Impudence from sawciest Beggers.
Pesc. Prince *Ferdinand's* come to *Milaine*
Sick (as they give out) of an Appoplexie:
But some say, 'tis a frenzy; I am going to visit him. *Ex.*
Ant. 'Tis a noble old fellow:
Del. What course do you mean to take, *Antonio*?
Ant. This night, I mean to venture all my fortune
(Which is no more, then a poor lingring life)
To the Cardinals worst of malice: I have got
Private accesse to his chamber: and intend
To visit him, about the mid of night.
(As once his brother did our noble Dutchesse.)
It may be that the sudden apprehension
Of danger (for I'le goe in mine own shape)
When he shall see it fraight with love and duty,
May draw the poyson out of him, and work
A friendly reconcilement; if it faile,
Yet, it shall rid me of this infamous calling,
For better fall once, then be ever falling.
Del. I'll second you in all danger: and (how ere)
My life keeps ranke with yours.
Ant. You are still my lov'd, and best friend. *Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Pescara, a Doctor, Ferdinand, Cardinall, Malatesto, Bosola, Iulia.

Pesc. Now Doctor; may I visit your patient?
Doctor. If't please your Lordship: but he's instantly
To take the ayre here in the Gallery, by my direction.
Pesc. Pray-thee, what's his disease?
Doc. A very pestilent disease (my Lord)
They call *Licanthropia*. *Pesc.* What's that?
I need a Dictionary to't. *Doc.* I'le tell you:
In these that are possess'd with't, there ore-flows
Such melancholly humour, they imagine

Them-

Themſelves to be transformed into Woolves,
Steale forth to Church-yards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up: as two nights ſince
One met the Duke, 'bout mid-night in a lane
Behind St. *Markes* Church, with the leg of a man
Upon his ſhoulder; and he howl'd fearefully:
Said he was a Woolffe: only the difference
Was, a Woolves skinne is hairy on the out-ſide,
His on the in-ſide: bad them take their ſwords,
Rip up his fleſh, and try: ſtraight I was ſent for,
And having miniſter'd unto him, found his Grace
Very well recovered. *Peſc.* I am glad on't.
Doct. Yet not without ſome feare
Of a relaps: if he grow to his fit againe,
Than ever *Peracleſus* dream'd of: If
They'll give me leave I'le buffet his madnes out of him.
Stand aſide, he comes. *Ferd.* Leave me.
Mal. Why doth your Lordſhip uſe this ſolitarines?
Ferd. Eagles commonly flye alone: They are Crowes, Dawes, and
Sterlings that flocke together: Looke, what's that,
Followes me? *Mal.* Nothing (my Lord)
Ferd. Yes. *Mal.* 'Tis your ſhadow.
Ferd. Stay it, let it not haunt me.
Mal. Impoſſible; if you move, and the Sun ſhine.
Ferd. I will throttle it.
Mal. Oh, my Lord: you are angry with nothing.
Ferd. You are a ſoole:
How is't poſſible I ſhould catch my ſhadow,
Unleſſe I fall upon't? When I go to hell,
I meane to carry a bribe: for looke you
Good gifts evermore make way, for the worſt perſons.
Peſc. Riſe good my Lord,
Ferd. I am ſtudying the Art of patience.
Peſc. 'Tis a Noble Vertue.
Ferd. To drive ſixe Snailes before me, from this towne
To *Moſco*; neither uſe Goad, nor whip to them,
But let them take their owne time: (the patient'ſt man i'th' world
Match me for an experiment) and I'le crawle after
Like a ſheepe-biter. *Card.* Force him up.
Ferd. Uſe me well, you were beſt:

What

What I have done, I heve done: I'le confesse nothing.
Doctor. Now let me come to him: Are you mad
(My Lord?) are you out of your Princely wits?
Ferd. What's he? *Pesc.* Your Doctor.
Ferd. Let me have his beard saw'd off, and his eye
Browes fill'd more civill.
Doct. I must do mad trickes with him,
For that's the only way on't. I have brought
Your grace a Salamanders skin, to keep you
From sun-burning. *Ferd.* I have cruell sore eyes.
Doct. The white of a Cockatrixes egge, is present remedy.
Ferd. Let it be a new laid one, you were best:
Hide me from him: Physitians are like Kings,
They brooke no contradiction.
Doct. Now he begins to feare me,
Now let me alone with him.
Card. How now, put off your gowne?
Doct. Let me have some forty urinalls fill'd with Rose-water?
He, and I'le go pelt one another with them,
Now he begins to feare me: Can you fetch a friske sir?
Let him go, let him go upon my perill:
I find by his eye, he stands in awe of me,
I'le make him, as tame as a Dormouse.
Ferd. Can you fetch your friskes, sir? I will stampe him into a
Flea off his skin, to cover one of the Anatomies, (Cullice:
This rogue hath set i'th'cold yonder, in Barber Chyrurgeons hall:
Hence, hence, you are all of you, like beasts for sacrifice.
There's nothing left of you, but tongue and belly,
Flattery and leachery.
Pes. Doctor, he did not feare you throughly.
Doct. True, I was somewhat too forward.
Bos. Mercy upon me, what a fatall judgement
Hath falne upon this *Ferdinand?* *Pes.* Knowes your grace
What accident hath brought unto the Prince,
This strange distraction?
Card. I must faigne somewhat: Thus they say it grew,
You have heard it rumor'd for these many yeeres,
None of our family dies, but there is seene
The shape of an old woman, which is given
By tradition, to us, to have bin murther'd

By her Nephewes, for her riches: Such a figure
One night (as the Prince ſate up late at's booke)
Appear'd to him, when crying out for helpe,
The gentleman of's Chamber, found his grace
All on a cold ſweat, alter'd much in face
And language: Since which apparition,
He hath growne worſe and worſe, and I much feare
He cannot live. *Boſ.* Sir, I would ſpeake with you.
Peſc. We'll leave your grace,
Wiſhing to the ſicke Prince, our Noble Lord,
All health of minde, and body.
Card. You are moſt welcome:
Are you come? ſo, this fellow muſt not know
By any meanes I had intelligence
In our Dutcheſſe death: For (though I counſell'd it)
The full of all th'agreement ſeem'd to grow
From *Ferdinand:* Now ſir, how fares our ſiſter?
I do not thinke but ſorrow makes her looke
Like to an oft di'd garment: She ſhall now
Taſte comfort from me: why do you look ſo wildely?
Oh, the fortune of your maſter here, the Prince
Dejects you, but be you of happy comfort:
If you'll do one thing for me, I'le intreate
Though he had a cold tombe-ſtone ore his bones
I'll'd make you what you ſhould be *Boſ.* Any thing,
Give me it in a breath, and let me flye to't:
They that thinke long, ſmall expedition win,
For muſing much o'th'end, cannot begin.
Jul. Sir, will you come in to ſupper?
Card. I am buſie, leave me.
Jul. What an excellent ſhape hath that fellow? *Exit.*
Card. 'Tis thus: *Antonio* lurkes here in *Millaine,*
Enquire him out, and kill him: while he lives,
Our ſiſter cannot marry, and I have thought
Of an excellent match for her: do this, and ſtile me
Thy advancement.
Boſ. By what meanes ſhall I finde him out?
Card. There's a gentleman call'd *Delio*
Here in the Campe, that hath bin long approv'd
His loyall friend: Set eye upon that fellow.

Follow

Follow him to Masse, may be *Antonio*,
Although he do account religion
But a Schoole-name, for fashion of the world,
May accompany him; or else go enquire out
Delio's Confessor, and see if you can bribe
Him to reveale it: there are a thousand wayes
A man might find to trace him: As to know,
What fellowes haunt the Jewes, for taking up
Great summes of money, for sure he's in want;
Or else to go to th'Picture-makers, and learne
Who brought her Picture lately, some of these
Happily may take. *Bos.* Well, I'le not freeze i'th'busines,
I would see that wretched thing, *Antonio*,
Above all sights i'th'world. *Card.* Do, and be happy. *Exit.*

Bos. This fellow doth breed Basiliskes in's eyes,
He's nothing else, but murder; yet he seemes
Not to have notice of the Dutchesse death:
'Tis his cunning: I must follow his example,
There cannot be a surer way to trace,
Than that of an old Fox.

Jul. So, sir, you are well met. *Bos.* How now?

Jul. Nay, the doores are fast enough:
Now Sir, I will make you confesse your treachery.

Bos. Treachery? *Iul.* Yes, confesse to me
Which of my women 'twas you hyr'd, to put
Love-powder into my drinke?

Bos. Love-powder?

Iul. Yes, when I was at *Malfy*,
Why should I fall in love with such a face else?
I have already suffer'd for thee so much paine,
The only remedy to do me good,
Is to kill my longing.

Bos. Sure your Pistoll holds
Nothing but perfumes, or kissing comfits: excellent Lady,
You have a pretty way on't to discover
Your longing: Come, come, I'le disarme you,
And arme you thus, yet this is wondrous strange.

Iul. Compare thy forme, and my eyes together,
You'll find my love no such great miracle: Now you'll say
I am wanton: This nice modesty, in Ladies

Is but a troublesome familiar,
That haunts them.

Bos. Know you me, I am a blunt souldier. *Jul.* The better,
Sure, there wants fire, where there are no lively sparkes
Of roughnesse. *Bos.* And I want complement.

Jul. Why ignorance in court-ship cannot make you do amisse,
If you have a heart to do well. *Bos.* You are very faire.

Jul. Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,
I must plead unguilty. *Bos.* Your bright eyes
Carry a Quiver of darts in them, sharper
Than Sun-beames.

Jul. You will mar me with commendation,
Put your selfe to the charge of courting me,
Whereas now I woe you.

Bos. I have it, I will work upon this Creature,
Let us grow most amorously familiar:
If the great Cardinall now should see me thus,
Would he not count me a villaine?

Jul. No, he might count me a wanton,
Not lay a scruple of offence on you:
For if I see, and steale a Diamond,
The fault is not i'th'stone, but in me the theef,
That purloines it: I am suddaine with you,
We that are great women of pleasure, use to cut off
These uncertaine wishes, and unquiet longings,
And in an instant joyne the sweet delight
And the prity excuse together: had you bin i'th'street,
I should have courted you.

Bos. Oh, you are an excellent Lady.

Jul. Bid me do somewhat for you presently,
To expresse I love you.

Bos. I will, and if you love me,
Faile not to effect it: The Cardinall is grown wondrous mellan-
Demand the cause, let him not put you off, (cholly,
With faign'd excuse, discover the maine ground on't.

Jul. Why would you know this?

Bos. I have depended on him,
And I heare that he is falne in some disgrace
With the Emperor, if he be like the mice
That forsake falling houses, I would shift

To other dependance.

Jul. You shall not need follow the wars,
I'll be your maintenance.

Bos. And I your loyall servant,
But I cannot leave my calling. *Jul.* Not leave an
Ungratfull Generall, for the love of a sweet Lady?
You are like some, cannot sleep in feather-beds,
But must have blocks for their pillows.

Bos. Will you do this? *Jul.* Cunningly.

Bos. To morrow I'll expect th'intelligence.

Jul. To morrow? get you into my Cabiner,
You shall have it with you: do not delay me,
No more than I do you: I am like one
That is condemn'd: I have my pardon promis'd.
But I would see it seal'd: Go, get you in,
You shall see me wind my tongue abour his heart,
Like a skeine of silke.

Car. Where are you? *Serv.* Here.

Car. Let none upon your lives
Have conference with the Prince *Ferdinand*,
Unlesse I know it: In this distraction
He may reveale the murther:
Yond's my lingring consumption:
I am weary of her; and by any meanes
Would be quit off. *Jul.* How now, my Lord?
What ailes you? *Car.* Nothing.

Jul. Oh, you are much altered:
Come, I must be your Secretary, and remove
This lead from off your bosome, what's the matter?

Car. I may not tell you.

Jul. Are you so far in love with sorrow,
You cannot part, with part of it? or think you
I cannot love your grace, when you are sad,
As well as merry? or do you suspect
I, that have bin a secret to your heart,
These many winters, cannot be the same
Unto your tongue?

Card. Satisfie thy longing,
The only way to make thee keep my counsell,
Is not to tell thee. *Jul.* Tell your Eccho this,

Or flatterers, that (like ecchoes) ſtill report
What they heare (though moſt imperfect) and not me:
For, if that you be true unto your ſelfe,
I'll know. *Car.* Will you rack me?
Jul. No, judgement ſhall
Draw it from you: It is an equall fault,
To tell ones ſecrets, unto all, or none.
Card. The firſt argues folly.
Jul. But the laſt tyranny.
Car. Very wel, why imagine I have committed
Some ſecret deed, which I deſire the world
May never heare of?
Jul. Therefore may not I know it?
You have conceal'd for me as great a ſin
As adultery: Sir, I beſeech you.
For perfect triall of my conſtancy
Till now: ſir, I beſeech you.
Card. You'll repent it. *Jul.* Never.
Card. It hurries thee to ruine: I'll not tell thee,
Be well advis'd, and thinke what danger 'tis
To receive a Princes ſecrets: they that do,
Had need have their breaſts hood'p with adamant
To containe them: I pray thee yet be ſatisfi'd,
Examine thine own frailty, 'tis more eaſie
To tie knots, then unlooſe them: 'tis a ſecret
That (like a lingring poyſon) may chance lie
Spread in thy vaines, and kill thee ſeven yeare hence.
Jul. Now you dally with me.
Card. No more, thou ſhalt know it.
By my appointment, the great Dutcheſſe of *Malfy*,
And two of her young children, foure nights ſince
Were ſtrangled.
Jul. Oh heaven! ſir, what have you done?
Card. How now? how ſettles this? think you your
Boſome will be a grave, darke and obſcure enough
For ſuch a ſecret?
Jul. You have undone your ſelfe, ſir.
Car. Why? *Jul.* It lies not in me to conceale it.
Car. No? come, I will ſwear you to't upon this book.
Jul. Moſt religiouſly. *Card.* Kiſſe it.

Now

Now you shall never utter it, thy curiosity
Hath undone thee: thou'rt poyson'd with that book,
Because I knew thou couldst not keep my councell,
I have bound thee to't by death.

Bos. For pitty sake, hold. *Card.* Ha, *Bosola?*

Jul. I fergive you,
This equall piece of Justice you have done:
For I betraid your councell to that fellow,
He over heard it; that was the cause I said
It lay not in me, to conceale it.

Bos. Oh, foolish woman,
Coldst not thou have poyson'd him?

Jul. 'Tis weakenesse,
Too much to thinke what should have bin done,
I go, I know not whither.

Card. Wherefore com'st thou hither?

Bos. That I might find a great man, (like your self,)
Not out of his wits (as the Lord *Ferdinand*)
To remember my service.

Card. I'll have thee hew'd in pieces.

Bos. Make not your selfe such a promise of that life
Which is not yours, to dispose of.

Card. Who plac'd thee here.

Bos. Her lust, as she intended.

Car. Very well, now you know me for your fellow murderer.

Bos. And wherefore should you lay faire marble colours,
Upon your rotten purposes to me?
Unlesse you imitate some that do plot great treasons,
And when they have done, go hide themselves i'th' graves,
Of those were Actors in't? *Card.* No more,
There is a fortune attends thee.

Bos. Shall I go sue a fortune any longer?
Tis the fooles Pilgrimage.

Card. I have honors in store for thee.

Bos. There are many wayes that conduct to seeming
Honor, and some of them very durty ones.

Card. Throw to the deyill
Thy mellancholy, the fire burnes well,
What need we keep a stirring of't, and make
A great smoother? thou wilt kill *Antonio?*

Bos. Yes. *Card.* Take up that body.
Bos. I thinke I shall
Shortly grow the common Beare, for Church-yards?
Card. I will allow thee some dozen of attendants,
To aid thee in the murther. *Bos.* Oh, by no meanes,
Physitians that apply horse-leeches to any rancke swelling,
Use to cut of their tailes, that the bloud may run through them
The faster: Let me have no traine, when I go to shed bloud,
Least it make me have a greater, when I ride to the Gallowes.
Card. Come to me after midnight, to helpe to remove that body
To her own lodging: I'll give out she died o'th' Plague;
'T will breed the lesse enquiry after her death.
Bos. Where's *Castruchio*, her husband?
Card. He's rode to *Napler* to take possession
Of *Antonio*'s Cittadell.
Bos. Beleeve me, you have done a very happy turn.
Card. Faile not to come: There is the Master-key
Of our Lodgings: and by that you may conceive
What trust I plant in you. *Exit.*
Bos. You shall find me ready.
Oh, poore *Antonio*, though nothing be so needfull
To thy estate, as pitty, Yet I find
Nothing so dangerous: I must look to my footing;
In such slippery yce-pavements, men had need
To be frost-nayld well: they may break their neeks else.
The President's here afore me: how this man
Beares up in Bloud? seemes fearelesse? why, 'tis well:
Security some men call the Suburbs of Hell,
Only a dead wall between. Well (good *Antonio*)
I'll seek thee out; and all my care shall be
To put thee into safety from the reach
Of these most cruell biters, that have got
Some of thy bloud already. It may be,
I'll joyne with thee, in a most just revenge.
The weakest arme is strong enough, that strikes
With the sword of Justice: Still me thinkes the Dutchesse
Haunts me: there, there: 'tis nothing but my mellancholy.
O Penitence, let me truely tast thy Cup,
That throwes men down, only to rise them up. *Exit.*

SCEN.

SCENA. III.

Antonio, Delio, Eccho, (from the Dutchesse grave.)

Del. Yond's the Cardinal's window: This fortification
Grew from the ruines of an ancient Abbey:
And to yond side o'th'river, lies a wall
(Piece of a Cloyster) which in my opinion
Gives the best Eccho, that you ever heard?
So hollow, and so dismall, and withall
So plaine in the distinction of our words,
That many have suppos'd it is a Spirit
That answers.
Ant. I do love these ancient ruines:
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend History,
And questionlesse, here in this open Court
(Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather) some lye enterr'd
Lov'd the Church so well, and gave so largely to't,
They thought it should have canopide their bones
Till Doomb-day: but all things have their end:
Churches and Cities (which have diseases like to men)
Must have like death that we have.
Eccho Like death that we have.
Del. Now the *Eccho* hath caught you.
Ant. It groan'd (methought) and gave
A very deadly accent?
Ecc. Deadly accent.
Del. I told you 'twas a pretty one: You may make it
A Huntes-man, or a Faulconer, a Musitian,
Or a thing of sorrow.
Ecc. A thing of Sorrow.
Ant. I sure: that suites it best.
Ecc. That suites it best.
Ant. 'Tis very like my wives voyce.
Ecc. I, wifes-voyce.
Del Come, let's us walke farther from't:
I would not have you to'th' *Cardinals* to night:

Doe not. *Eccho. Do not.*

Del. Wisdome doth not more moderate, wasting sorrow
Than time: take time for't: be mindfull of thy safety.

Ec. Be mindfull of thy safety.

Ant. Necessity compels me;
Make scruten, throughout the passes
Of your owne life; you'll find it impossible
To flye your fate. *O flye your fate.*

Del. Harke: the dead stones seeme to have pity on you,
And give you good counsell.

Ant. Eccho, I will not talke with thee;
For thou art a dead Thing.

Eccho. Thou art a dead Thing.

Ant. My Duchesse is asleepe now,
And her little-Ones, I hope sweetly: oh heaven,
Shall I never see her more?

Eccho. Never see her more.

Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the *Eccho,*
But that: and on the sudden, a cleare light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.

Del. Your fancy; meerely.

Ant. Come: I'le be out of this Ague;
For to live thus, is not indeed to live:
It is a mockery and abuse of life,
I will not henceforth save my selfe by halves,
Lose all, or nothing. *Del.* Your own vertue save you:
I'le fetch your eldest sonne, and second you:
It may be that the sight of his owne blood
Spread into so sweet a figure, may beget
The more compassion.
How ever, fare you well:
Though in our miseries, Fortune have a part,
Yet, in our noble suffrings, she hath none,
Contempt of paine, that we may call our owne. *Exit.*

SCENA IIII.

Cardinall, Pescara, Malateste, Rodorigo, Grisolan, Bosola, Ferdinand, Antonio, Servant.

Card. You shall not watch to night by the sicke Prince,
His Grace is very well recover'd.

Mal.

Mal. Good my Lord suffer us.

Card. Oh, by no meanes:
The noise, and change of object in his eye,
Doth more distract him: I pray, all to bed,
And though you heare him in his violent fit,
Do not rise, I intreat you. *Pes.* So sir, we shall not.

Card. Nay, I must have you promise
Upon your honors, for I was enjoyn'd to't
By himselfe; and he seem'd to urge it sencibly.

Pes. Let our honors binde this trifle.

Card. Nor any of your followers. *Mal.* Neither.

Card. It may be to make triall of your promise
When he's asleepe, my selfe will rise, and faigne
Some of his mad trickes, and cry out for helpe,
And faigne my selfe in danger.

Mal. If your throat were cutting,
I'll'd not come at you, now I have protested against it.

Card. Why, I thanke you.

Gris. 'Twas a foule storme to night.

Rod. The Lord *Ferdinand*'s chamber, shooke like an Ozier.

Mal. 'Twas nothing but pure kindnesse in the devill,
To rocke his owne childe. *Exeunt.*

Card. The reason why I would not suffer these
About my brother, is, because at midnight
I may with better privacy, convay
Julias body, to her owne lodging: O, my Conscience!
I would pray now: but the devill takes away my heart
For having any confidence in prayer.
About this houre, I appointed *Bosola*
To fetch the body: when he hath serv'd my turne,
He dies. *cxi*

Bos. Hah? 'twas the Cardinals voyce: I heard him name,
Bosola, and my death: listen, I heare ones footing.

Ferd. Strangling is a very quiet death.

Bos. Nay then I see. I must stand upon my Guard.

Ferd. What say to that? whisper, softly: doe you agree to't?
So it must be done i'th'darke: the Cardinall
Would not for a thousand pounds, the Doctor should see it. *Exit.*

Bos. My death is plotted; here's the consequence of murther.
"*We value not desert, nor Christian breath,*

When we know blacke deeds, must be cur'd with death.

Serv. Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray:
I'll fetch you a dark Lanthorne. *Exit.*

Ant. cold I take him at his prayers,
There were hope of pardon.

Bos. Fall right my sword:
I'll not give thee so much leysure, as to pray.

Ant. Oh, I am gone: Thou hast ended a long suit,
In a minute. *Bos.* What art thou?

Ant. A most wretched thing,
That only have thy benefit in death,
To appeare my selfe. *Ser.* Where are you, sir,

Ant. very neere my home: *Bosola?*

Serv. Oh, misfortune.

Bos. Smother thy pitty, thou art dead else: *Antonio?*
The man I would have sav'd 'bove mine own life?
We are meerely the Stars tennys-bals (strooke, and banded
Which way please them) oh good *Antonio*,
I'll whisper one thing in thy dying eare,
Shall make thy heart breake quickly: Thy faire Dutchesse
And two sweet Children.

Ant. Their very names
Kindle a little life in me.

Bos. Are murdered!

Ant. Some men have wisht to die.
At the hearing of sad tidings: I am glad
That I shall do't in sadnes: I would not now
Wish my wounds balm'de, nor heal'd: for I have no use
To put my life to: In all our Quest of Greatnes,
(Like wanton boyes, whose pastime is their care)
We follow after bubbles blowne i'th'ayre.
Pleasure of life, what is't? only the good houres
Of an Ague: meerely a preparative to rest,
To endure vexation: I doe not aske
The processe of my death: only commend me
To *Delio.*

Bos. Breake heart:

Ant. And let my Sonne, flye the Courts of Princes.

Bos. Thou seem'st to have lov'd *Antonio?*

Ser. I brought him hither,

To

To have reconcil'd him with the Cardinall.

Bos. I doe not aske thee that:
Take him up, if thou tender thine owne life,
And beare him, where the Lady *Julia*
Was wont to lodge: Oh, my fate moves swift!
I have this Cardinall, in the forge already,
Now I'le bring him to th'hammer: (O direfull misprision)
I will not imitate things glorious,
No more than base: I'le be mine owne example.
On, on, and looke thou represent, for silence,
The thing thou bear'st. *Exeunt.*

SCENA V.

Cardinall (with a booke) Bosola, Pescara, Malateste, Rodorigo, Ferdinand, Delio, Servants with Antonio's Body.

Card. I am puzzell'd in a question about hell:
He saies, in hell, there's one materiall fire,
And yet it shall not burne all men alike.
Lay him by, How tedious is a guilty conscience?
When I looke into the Fish-ponds, in my Garden,
Me thinkes I see a thing, arm'd with a Rake,
That seemes to strike at me: Now? art thou come? thou look'st (ghastly
There sits in thy face, some great determination,
Mix'd with some feare.

Bos. Thus it lightens into action:
I am come to kill thee.

Card. Hah? helpe: our Guard.

Bos. Thou art deceiv'd:
They are out of thy howling.

Card. Hold: I will faithfully divide
Revenues with thee.

Bos. Thy prayers, and proffers
Are both unseasonable.

Card. Raise the Watch: we are betraid.

Bos. I have confinde your flight:
I'le suffer your retrait to *Julias* Chamber,
But no further.

Card. Helpe: we are betraid. *Mal.* Listen.

Card. My Dukedome, for rescew.

Rod. Fye upon his counterfeiting.

Mal. Why, 'tis not the Cardinall.
Rod. Yes, yes, 'tis he:
But I'le ſee him hang'd ere I'le go downe to him.
Card. Here's a plot upon me, I am aſſaulted: I am loſt,
Unleſſe ſome reſcew.
Griſ. He doth this pretty well:
But it will not ſerve; to laugh me out of mine honor.
Card. The ſword's at my throat:
Rod. You would not baule ſo loud then.
Mal. Come, come, let's go to bed: he told us thus much afore-(hand.
Peſc. He wiſh'd you ſhould not come at him: but beleev't,
The accent of the voyce, ſounds not in jeſt.
I'le downe to him, howſoever, and with engines
Force ope the doores. *Rod.* Let's follow him aloofe,
And note how the Cardinall will laugh at him.
Boſ. There's for you firſt: 'cauſe you ſhall not unbarracade the (doore
To let in reſcew. *He kills the Servant.*
Card. What cauſe haſt thou to purſue my life?
Boſ. Looke there. *Card.* *Antonio?*
Boſ. Slaine by my hand unwittingly:
Pray, and be ſudden: when thou kill'dſt thy ſiſter,
Thou tookſt from Juſtice her moſt equall ballance,
And left her nought but the ſword.
Card. O mercy.
Boſ. Now it ſeemes thy greatnes was only outward:
For thou fall'ſt faſter of thy ſelfe, than calamity
Can drive thee: I'le not waſte longer time: There.
Card. Thou haſt hurt me. *Boſ.* Againe.
Card. Shall I die like a Levoret,
Without any reſiſtance? helpe, helpe, helpe:
I am ſlaine.
Ferd. Th'allarum? give me a freſh horſe:
Rall'y the vaunt-guard: or the day is loſt:
Yeeld, yeeld: I give you the honor of Armes,
Shake my Sword over you, will you yeilde?
Card. Helpe me, I am your brother. *Ferd.* The devill?
My brother fight upon the adverſe party? *He woundsthe Cardinall,*
Thereflies your ranſome. *and (in the ſcuffle) gives*
Card. Oh Juſtice: *Boſola his deaths wound.*
I ſuffer now, for what hath former bin:

"Sorrow

"Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.

Ferd. Now you're brave fellowes:

Cæsars Fortune was harder than *Pompeys*:

Cæsar died in the armes of prosperity,

Pompey at the feet of disgrace: you both died in the field,

The paine's nothing: paine many times, is taken away, with

The apprehension of greater, (as the tooth-ache with the sight

Of a Barber, that comes to pull it out) there's Phylosophy for you.

Bos. Now my revenge is perfect: sinke (thou maine cause

Of my undoing) the last part of my life,

Hath done me best service. *He kills Ferdinand.*

Ferd. Give me some wet hay, I am broken winded,

I do account this world but a dog-kenell:

I will vault credit, and affect high pleasures,

Bos He seems to come to himselfe, now he's so neer the bottome.

Ferd. My sister, oh! my sister, there's the cause on't.

"Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,

"Like Diamonds, we are, cut with our owne dust,

Card. Thou hast thy payment too.

Bos. Yes, I hold my weary soule in my teeth,

'Tis ready to part from me: I doe glory

That thou, which stoodst like a huge Piramid

Begun upon a large, and ample base,

Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

Pesc. How now (my Lord?)

Mal. Oh sad disaster. *Rod.* How comes this?

Bos. Revenge for the Dutchesse of *Malfy*, murdered

By th' *Arragonian* brethren: for *Antonio*,

Slaine by his hand: for lustfull *Julia*,

Poyson'd by this man: and lastly, for my selfe,

(That was an Actor in the maine of all,

Much 'gainst mine owne good nature, yet i'th' end

Neglected.)

Pesc. How now (my Lord?)

Card. Looke to my brother:

He gave us these large wounds, as we were strugling

Here i'th' rushes: And now, I pray, let me

Be laid by, and never thought of.

Pes. How fatally (it seemes) he did withstand,
His owne rescew?
Mal. Thou wretched thing of blood,
How came *Antonio* by his death?
Bos. In a mist: I know not how,
Such a mistake, as I have often seene
In a play: Oh, I am gone,
We are only like dead walls, or vaulted graves,
That ruin'd, yeilds no eccho: Fare you well.
It may be paine, but no harme to me to die,
In so good a quarrell: Oh this gloomy world,
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darknes,
Doth (womanish, and fearefull) mankind live?
Let worthy minds, ne're stagger in distrust
To suffer death, or shame for what is just,
Mine is another voyage
Pes. The Noble *Delio*, as I came to th'Palace,
Told me of *Antonio*'s being here, and shew'd me
A pretty gentleman, his sonne and heire.
Mal. Oh Sir, you come too late.
Del. I heard so, and
Was arm'd for't ere I came: Let us make noble use
Of this great ruine; and joyne all our force
To establish this yong hopefull Gentleman
In's mothers right. These wretched eminent things
Leave no more fame behind'em, than should one
Fall in a Frost, and leave his print in snow,
As soone as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both forme, and matter: I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great, for great men,
As when she's pleas'd, to make them Lords of truth:
Integrity of life, is fames best friend,
Which nobly (beyond death) shall crowne the end. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.